THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

JUNE 27, 1908 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

You will go a long way to find as good, but in the windup you will come back to Pillsbury's

The Flour

The Breakfast Food

Its double, air-tight, germ-proof container keeps it always as fresh and clean on the grocers' shelves as when it comes from the mill.

Pillsbury's BEST Wheat Cereal

Possibly you are mistaken in your idea of what Pillsbury's Best Wheat Cereal really is. If you have not yet tasted this new wheat food, let us prove its goodness. Get a package of it today; look at its perfect granular form; see how white, even, smooth and creamy it comes to the table—with a flavor delightful beyond description, and without a speck or a lump. You simply must taste it to know it. Surely it is the real cream of the choicest wheat. This breakfast food cannot be improved upon any more than can "The Flour"; and you certainly know the good things—the delicious bread, biscuits, pies, cakes and pastry that are made from Pillsbury's Best Flour.

Wick Fancy Hat Bands

(The band with hooks—all rights reserved)

Well-dressed men wear the modish WICK fancy hat band—***new*** Swastikas, Spearheads, Uneven Vertical Stripes, Fraternity Ideas, or some of the 1600 other exclusive patterns. Look for the Wick label.

Buy from your dealer, or send us 50 cents for each 2-inch or 1½-inch band; 25 cents for each 1¼-inch band.

Fasten with the "little hooks"; never wrinkle, bag, or slip. College and club colors, plaids, stripes, raised figures, etc. Make your own choice or let us send you the latest thing, with our book of color combinations.

Dashing Penfield college poster (four feet long, five colors) *free* with each mail order of a dollar or more.

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DICKSON MEMORY SCHOOL, 932 Auditorium Bldg., CHICAGO

The new common-sense underwear
50 cents, and up, a garment.
Made on Scott & Williams Machines
Cool, light, sanitary and strong
The
ideal underwear for hot weather

Here is a new fabric, made in a new way—the breeziest and best-wearing underwear made.

Who wants to go through the scorching summer wearing close-knit, sticky, unsanitary balbriggan? Why not be comfortable and at the same time get your money's worth?

The patented machine which knits this new common-sense fabric does not stretch and strain the yarn in forming the little eyelets, as other machines do.

The thread does not break around the eyelets and go into ragged holes when the garment is worn.

This makes the fabric more elastic, and more porous; as well as stronger.

Several manufacturers are licensed under the Scott & Williams patents to make underwear on this machine. It is made in all styles and various materials for men, women and children. Four of the labels under which it is sold are shown at the top of this advertisement.

On each label also appears the name Scott & Williams. Look for that and insist on seeing it.

No other fabric is or can be the same; because it cannot be as well made as on the Scott & Williams machine.

Show your dealer this advertisement; and if he hasn't the new common-sense underwear he will get it for you. Or write to us and we will see that you are supplied.

Write anyway for the booklet "A Machine With Brains" which tells how this common-sense underwear is made.

Scott & Williams, Philadelphia

The EDISON PHONOGRAPH

represents not only the original sound-reproducing idea invented by Mr. Edison, but it also represents every improvement Mr. Edison has been able to make in his original invention.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph uses a reproducing point of such hardness that it lasts for years and does away with the annoyance of continually having to change needles.

It is an improvement that the horn is constructed in such a way as to give the greatest clearness and volume of sound, without sacrificing the quality of the sound.

It is an improvement that the Edison Phonograph and Edison Records can be bought so cheaply that they make good music possible to all.

Did you ever try making your own Records? Write to us or ask your dealer about this.

"The Star Spangled Banner"

Ten Records made by Mr. William Jennings Bryan

We have pleasure in announcing ten Edison Records made by Mr. Bryan at his home in Lincoln, Nebraska, consisting of the best passages from his favorite speeches.

9914 Swollen Fortunes
9915 The Labor Question
9916 The Railroad Question
9917 The Trust Question
9918 The Tariff Question
9919 Popular Election of Senators
9920 Imperialism
9921 Guaranty of Bank Deposits
9922 An Ideal Republic
9923 Immortality

Ready at all Edison stores this month. Ask your dealer.

The new July Records are unusually entertaining

A couple of dollars spent on new Records will provide fresh and delightful entertainment for yourself, your family and your friends for weeks to come. Besides the 24 Records in the regular list, the July Records contain five new Grand Opera selections by famous operatic stars. Hear them at the nearest Edison store on June 25.

9866 Polish Dance, No. 1 (Scharwenka) — Edison Concert Band
9867 Needles and Pins (Helf & Moran) — Edward M. Favor
9868 Tell Me the Old, Old Story (Hymn) Hankey — Anthony and Harrison
9869 Cupid's Wedding March (Bells solo) Morse — Albert Benzler
9870 O'Brien Has No Place To Go (Evans & Murphy) — Edward Meeker
9871 Whistling and Singing Farmer Boys (Fulton) — Harlan and Belmont
9872 Smarty (Von Tilzer & Norworth) — Ada Jones
9873 Fawn Eyes (Johnson) — Edison Symphony Orchestra
9874 Parson Jones' Three Reasons (Longbrake) — Arthur Collins
9875 When We Are M-A-Double-R-I-E-D (One of the successful songs in "The Talk of New York") George M. Cohan — Ada Jones and Billy Murray
9876 Queen of the Earth (Pinsuti) — Alan Turner
9877 Whistling—Intermezzo (Introducing a chorus of whistlers) Copeland — Edison Military Band
9878 You Have Changed the Winter in My Heart to Glad Spring-Time (Hayes) — Manuel Romain
9879 When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder (Hymn) Black — Edison Mixed Quartette
9880 I Was a Hero, Too (Sam Bernard's big success in the musical comedy "Nearly a Hero") Van Alstyne & Williams — Billy Murray
9881 Medley of Irish Jigs (Accordion solo) Original — John Kimmble
9882 Topeka (Indian Song) Jones & O'Dea — Frederick H. Potter and Chorus
9883 Nothing Hardly Ever Bothers Me (A jolly coon duet) Von Tilzer & Norworth — Collins and Harlan
9884 If I Had a Thousand Lives to Live (Solman & Maguire) — Allen Waterous
9885 The Rose of Mexico Waltz (A typical Spanish waltz) Dunn — Edison Symphony Orchestra
9886 Common Sense (Another song hit by the writers of "He's a Cousin of Mine") Smith & Larkins — Bob Roberts
9887 The Frisky Farmer and the Modest Manicure (Vaudeville sketch) Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9888 "He" and "She" in Vaudeville (Original) — Steve Porter
9889 Cubs on Parade March (Hemple) — Edison Military Band

Five New Grand Opera Records

B. 65 Eri tu, ("And would'st thou") "Un Ballo in Maschera" — Verdi
By Antonio Scotti, Baritone. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment

B. 66 Stride la vampa ("Fierce flames were racing") "Il Trovatore" — Verdi
By Mme. Jacoby, Contralto. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment

B. 67 Sono un poeta ("I am a poet") "La Boheme" — Puccini
By Florencio Constantino, Tenor. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment

B. 68 Ihr heisset mich willkommen ("Ye bid me welcome") "Der Trompeter von Sackingen" — Nessler
By Otto Goritz, Baritone. Sung in German, Orchestra Accompaniment

B. 112 Il fior che avevi a me tu dato ("The flower you gave to me") "Carmen" — Bizet
By Angiolo Pintucci, Tenor. Sung in Italian, Orchestra Accompaniment

Thomas A. Edison

Ask your dealer or write to us for the new catalogue of Edison Phonographs, THE PHONOGRAM, describing each Record in detail; the SUPPLEMENTAL CATALOGUE, listing the new July Records, and the COMPLETE CATALOGUE, listing all Edison Records now in existence. Records in all Foreign languages.

National Phonograph Co., 11 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

Twenty Million Voices

A PERFECT understanding by the public of the management and full scope of the Bell Telephone System can have but one effect, and that a most desirable one —a marked betterment of the service.

Do you know what makes the telephone worth while to you—just about the most indispensable thing in modern life?

It isn't the circuit of wire that connects your instrument with the exchange.

It's the Twenty Million Voices at the other end of the wire on every Bell Telephone!

We have to keep them there, on hair trigger, ready for you to call them up, day or night—downtown, up in Maine, or out in Denver.

And to make the telephone system useful to those Twenty Million other people, we have to keep *you* alert and ready at this end of the wire.

Then we have to keep the line in order—8,000,000 miles of wire—and the central girls properly drilled and accommodating to the last degree, and the apparatus up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Quite a job, all told.

Every telephone user is an important link in the system—just as important as the operator. With a little well meant suggestion on our part, we believe we can improve the service—perhaps save a second on each call.

There are about *six billion connections* a year over these lines.

Saving a second each would mean a tremendous time saving to you and a tremendous saving of operating expenses, which can be applied to the betterment of the service.

The object of this and several succeeding advertisements is *not to get more subscribers.* It is to make each one of you a better link in the chain.

First, give "Central" the number clearly and be sure she hears it. Give her full and clear information in cases of doubt. She is there to do her utmost to accommodate you.

Next, don't grow fretful because you think she represents a monopoly. The postmaster does, too, for the same reason.

The usefulness of the telephone is its *universality, as one system.* Where there are two systems you must have two telephones—and confusion.

Remember, the value of the service lies in the number of people you can reach *without* confusion—the promptness with which you get your response.

So respond quickly when others call you, bearing in mind the extensive scope of the service.

The constant endeavor of the associated Bell companies, harmonized by one policy and acting as one system, is to give you the best and most economical management human ingenuity can devise. The end is efficient service and your attitude and that of every other subscriber may hasten or hinder its accomplishment.

Agitation against legitimate telephone business—the kind that has become almost as national in its scope as the mail service—must disappear with a realization of the necessity of universal service.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

And Its Associated Bell Companies

LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE

One Policy—One System Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

Around the World Without a Wrinkle in the LIKLY Wardrobe Trunk

IT'S no more trouble to pack your gowns in this trunk than to hang them in a well-ordered closet at home. The drawer section will accommodate minor articles of wear and toilet requisites as readily as your own dresser.

If you want a vacation free from the troubles of packing and unpacking, take the "LIKLY WARDROBE" with you.

Send for FREE Catalogue showing the most complete line of trunks and bags in the world.

HENRY LIKLY & CO., 358 Lyell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

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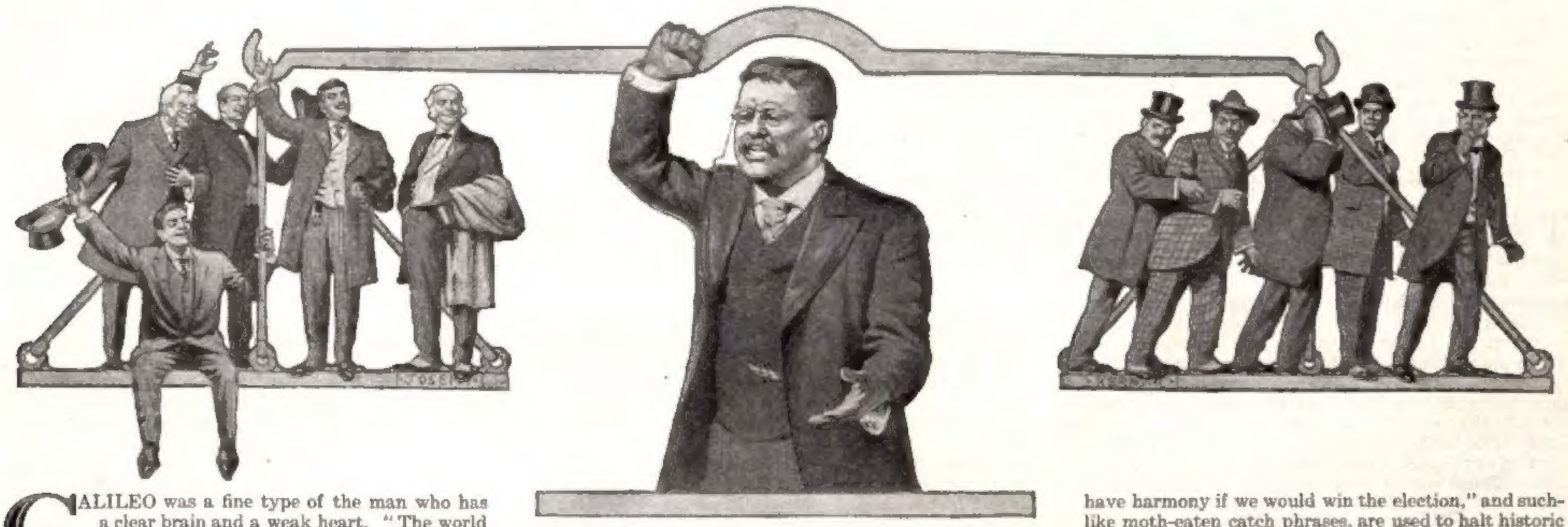
THE ISSUE—By Albert J. Beveridge



GALILEO was a fine type of the man who has a clear brain and a weak heart. "The world moves," said Galileo three hundred years ago, but that simplest of truths he was forced to recant by the narrow minds that ruled that day. He had the mind of a scientist, but not the soul of a hero. Had he announced a political truth, the benefits of that truth would have been delayed for a century by his cowardly retraction. When any man conceives a principle of human advance he must stick to it if he would be a benefactor of the human race—yes, even if he would not become a worse enemy of his own discovery than its most active foes.

I do not find in reading history that genuine reformers or even real statesmen ever compromise on principles; there can be no opportunism in matters of conviction—that is possible only on measures which do not involve principles. In mere matters of legislation, where the question is to get something—a little good rather than nothing good—compromise may be the only good sense; but in the higher realm of principle there can be no retraction such as Galileo made three hundred years ago, and such as mere politicians are making every day.

At the beginning of the militant and purposeful movement against slavery—not the slow, complaisant, harmless "protests" that preceded it—William Lloyd Garrison said, "I will not retract; I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." There spoke the soul of a moral movement. Wendell Phillips put it even stronger when he declared, "The reformer must have no social position to maintain, no political party to serve." For you see, a moral movement whose purpose it is to make life happier and human conditions better for the millions has always run up against great interests which in some form or other are preying upon these millions. At one time it was aristocracies and kings, whose idle luxury was supported by the masses—beautiful but poisonous flowers nurtured upon the blood of the people. At another time—and at bottom, always—it is evil financial interests that are wickedly profiting at the expense of the multitude from practices which these moral reforms will put an end to.

And so it is that, without that heroism which would rather be destroyed than retract, no principle could ever be established against the mighty opposition which always battles to defeat it—no moral movement could ever achieve its purpose. Think of Cromwell compromising with the Stuarts; think of Washington compromising with King George; think of Lincoln compromising with Jefferson Davis. If any of these men had about-faced upon the movement which circumstance and their own stout hearts made them the leaders of, history would have written them down as infamous instead of making them the worshiped champions of humanity's great cause.

When Compromise is Justifiable and When Not

LET me here again draw the distinction between that compromise which is justifiable in matters of practical legislation where the life of no principle is at stake and that wicked compromise by which the life of a principle is imperiled. If I find as a legislator that I can get some legislation by yielding here and there, without sacrificing any principle, I am foolish if I do not do so; but if I yield the principle I am wicked to do so. Yet just here is where the mere politician who cares for nothing but the success of his party, and cares for that only because it means his own success, gets in his plausible and destroying work. "All legislation is compromise" is the favorite expression of this enemy of the people, and thus, throwing up the dust until he hides the distinction between a moral movement and a legislative program, he compromises the moral movement out of existence.

"Let us not go too far. Our direction is right, of course, but if we go too far right now we will lose this or that group of voters who are not keeping up with us"—is another familiar expression of this same class of manipulators. Still another and even more effective watchword is "harmony." "Let us have harmony," "We must have harmony if we would win the election," and such-like moth-eaten catch phrases, are used to halt historic movements having for their purposes liberty of men, honesty in business and all those things that end abuses. These methods are much more dangerous to a moral cause than unyielding defiance and opposition. Apparently, they are so reasonable; it really does seem wiser to win at any price and attend to the moral movement and the legislation it involves afterward. The guile of the politician working for corrupt forces, and the ingenuity of paid lawyers working for the same interests, are more powerful against human advance than the bayonets of kings or any other form of rigid autocratic resistance of progress. For example, the Bourbons of France were the real fathers of the Reign of Terror; it was unyielding denial of the people's just demands that lit the fires of the French Revolution. Our own Revolution was caused by the royal stupidity of King George, who firmly refused the smallest item of the righteous petitions of the Colonists.

Moral movements come periodically in every country. They come more frequently, of course, among free people than anywhere else. Always they are clear-cut; always they are historic, and always they move on until their purpose is accomplished. We see this quite clearly in the Cromwell movement in England. We see it again in the same country in the movement which had for its battle-cry "Justice to Ireland," and which went on until to-day the dreams of socialism itself are realized by the British land laws for Ireland. We see it still earlier in that heroic struggle led by the immortal Shaftesbury to end child slavery in the United Kingdom. A notable example was the movement for the liberty and unification of the Italian people, led by Garibaldi on the battlefield and Cavour in the council chamber. A most brilliant and awful example of such a movement was that of the French people, which had been so long resisted and so strongly repressed that when once it began its belated progress it rushed madly on and worked destruction in its effort to work righteousness.

The Declaration of Independence Opposed by Business Men

IN OUR own country these moral movements have been just as distinctly marked. The first was that of our independence. The second was the movement for national consolidation, which ended in our Constitution. The third had the same underlying purpose of national unity; it took the temporary form of popular rights and was led and personified by Andrew Jackson. The fourth was that which made Abraham Lincoln the greatest figure, but one, in the world's history; and it, too, had as its deep and underlying cause the still firmer welding together of the American people into a nation, and took the form of the liberty of all men in that nation.

All these movements were resisted in one fashion or another by the same kind of forces. All of them were fought out by the people—by the man in the furrow, at the anvil, in mill and mine and store. All of them persisted until they were finally successful; all of them involved as a practical matter various forms of legislation which wrote the meaning of those movements into tangible law.

For example, it is a historical fact that our Revolution was fought and won by the common people; it is a historical fact that the big business interests of every city in the Colonies were aggressively Tory in their sympathies, with a very few splendid exceptions. New York City did not send many men to the field for the patriot cause; the "best society" of both New York and Philadelphia was anti-patriot; and the Declaration of Independence was actually opposed by commercial magnates upon the ground that it would hurt business. It is within the memory of living men that the speeches of Phillips and Garrison, the essays of Emerson, the poems of Lowell and Whittier, were condemned by those in the highest places, even in Boston, as being a "rub-a-dub agitation"; and everybody will remember when their attention is called to it that Lincoln was urged not to issue the Emancipation Proclamation because it would affect the price of stocks.

From the firesides of the common homes of the Republic poured those streams of intelligent conscience which made every one of these movements victorious in the end. Jackson would have been utterly destroyed if he had not had the common people at his back. The financial interests were against him to a man. Washington would have been a poor, broken, pathetic figure—an unsuccessful rebel—but for the ragged Continentals. Even as it was, it took him seven years to drive fifty thousand English and Hessians from our shores, although the latter were thousands of miles away from home, with a stormy sea between. One would have thought that this little army of aliens in an enemy's country occupied by four million people, who could turn out five hundred thousand fighting men, would have been swept into the sea in six months' time; and so they would have been had all Americans been united against them.

But they were not united against them, and Washington's appeal to the people was slow of answer because they were so widely separated, so poor, so hard to reach, so difficult to assemble. But because the movement which Washington led was a great historic human movement; because those which Jackson and Lincoln led were of the same quality, and because they were backed by the great masses of the humble, to benefit whom their great purpose was, each of them in the end prevailed.

Midway in a Great Movement

TO-DAY we are perhaps more than midway in the same kind of moral and historic movement. And the great question—the only real question—is whether this movement shall be halted and turned back. The coming campaign will be determined, not upon definite detached questions stated in the various "planks" of party platforms; it will be determined by the "general line-up." There are no issues—but there is *an* issue. Shall what we have gained by hard fighting be surrendered? Shall this great human advance be compromised away? Shall parties listen to the voice of that type of politician who is absolutely blind to the meaning of the times and try to win an election at the cost of sacrificing this great movement; or, shall political parties obey the massed morality and combined intelligence of the people and thus win more surely and win gloriously?

For just this critical and profound question is the one that confronts us; just this is *the issue*. Just such a movement as I have described is at stake. Let no man make any mistake about that. What we have been seeing and doing for the last seven years is not a political phase which lasts for a year or so and then vanishes.

This is no "swinging-of-the-pendulum" incident in American politics. No! It is a movement—a movement for righteousness, justice and larger human good, like similar movements in the past. Its purpose, too, is the greater unification of the American people, and its immediate aspect and largest manifestation is to secure fair dealing and equal rights in business.

At Yale University I said that "the meaning of the time is the organization of honesty." The people are at work putting an end to practices that give some of them intolerable wealth and more than kingly power at the expense of all of them. They are determined that every business man shall have an equal chance, equal rights and equal protection with every other business man. They are determined that it shall not be within the power of one business man to say whether other business men shall live or die. They mean that no corporation shall commercially defraud and physically or morally injure the millions of people with whom it deals. They are resolved that the economic forces which have properly created aggregations of capital engaged in industry and commerce shall not lift the men who manage those aggregations of capital above the law that applies to everybody else or exempt them from the rules of common morality which enjoin simple honesty in trade.

This is the interpretation of every law that we have written in the last seven historic years—some of them excellent, some of them imperfect. For example, when the Standard Oil Company, by criminal rebates, ruined other people who wanted to engage in the oil business, the people, to stop it, demanded the anti-rebate law. Again, when the coal-carrying railroads would furnish plenty of cars to their own mines or to mine-owners in league with the officers of these railroads, and would not furnish cars to mines which they did not own or mine-owners not in league with their officers, the people demanded that that should be ended by a law preventing such discrimination, on the one hand, and the ownership by the railroads of these storehouses of the people's fuel on the other hand.

A still better illustration is the meat inspection law. Everybody remembers how bitterly the Beef Trust fought that law. The Beef Trust said, just as the Standard Oil Company and the coal-carrying railroads had said, that its business was nobody's business but its own—that what it did was its own private affair, with which the public or the Government had nothing to do. But the public and the Government had to have something to do with it. The millions of individual buyers could not possibly know whether the meat food products which their families consumed were laden with poison and disease or not. These scores of millions of consumers were absolutely helpless, so they had to put their agents, called Government inspectors, in all of these plants.

You see that with the evolution of these great modern business concerns called trusts, which are perfectly legitimate and necessary from an economic point of view, a new system of business ethics has also evolved. No such business can be or is any longer private business. Their managers and owners are no longer private business men. They are public business men. Their enterprises are not only machines for making profits for themselves, but also trusts for the great public with which they deal. Their managers are no longer merely pilers-up of private fortunes; they are now also trustees for the people. Their business is no longer exclusively their own business; it is also everybody's business. Had they recognized these new principles of business ethics no restrictive laws would have been necessary. Had the managers of the Beef Trust said to themselves and to one another, "We are not only interested in making money for ourselves, but we are also bound to look after the health and safety of the millions with whom we deal, who cannot look out for themselves," there would have been no storm of popular wrath against them. And because these great business concerns did not admit or even realize these new business principles, the people forced them to realize and obey them by affirmative laws.

I say "new business principles," but, as a matter of fact, they are only new applications of principles as old as moral law itself. These men took the ancient and discredited view of Cain and asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" instead of that Golden Rule which more and more is coming to rule the world and ultimately will rule it utterly—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." How remarkable it is that all these vast, new, complicated problems in the end reduce themselves to the simple terms and plain precepts which were taught us at our mother's knee!

Thus we see that the movement in which we find ourselves to-day is a movement of the people, by the people and for the people. Already it has benefited them in health, comfort and opportunity; and far more important, by their struggle for this betterment the people themselves have secured a clearer moral vision and a higher and firmer moral purpose. And it has not injured business. It has helped it. No legitimate industry in the Republic will fail of more solid and more permanent prosperity because of it. It has, it is true, interfered with the operations of certain mighty men of affairs who had grown impatient of law and regarded the people as their lawful spoil. These men have cried out in wrath to be let alone, and by their power have temporarily affected commerce in general. I do not think these men believe they are working any unrighteousness at all. Born in another generation and coming into the vast commercial power which inevitable economic evolution has given them, they have failed to recognize that even grander truth that they are no longer private business men, but public business men. The captain of industry from now on must be a statesman of affairs. It is all right for him to consider his own pocketbook, but he must also consider the people's welfare.

Higher Motives Help Honest Business

ASIDE from the temporary impairment of business which the powerful ones have been able to bring about is a certain inevitable but transient slowing down of business caused by this change from abnormal business conditions to normal business conditions. This is necessarily so in everything. It is so in the case of a man's health; so in any change of human conditions. It is a period of readjustment. We are getting everything "on the level," as the masons say. And when once they are gotten on the level, as they soon will be, everybody will be more prosperous and far happier than ever before.

This is proved by the fact that English, German and French business is universally conceded to be the soundest and most conservative in the world, and yet we have not done nearly so much toward legislating business honesty into law as England has done, and far, very far, less than either France or Germany. And the business of those countries proceeds smoothly, safely and prosperously—far more prosperously than ours, when we contrast our enormous resources with their comparatively meagre resources.

For the last year there has been a determined effort not only to check, but also to turn back this mighty movement for common honesty in trade and righteousness in business upon which the American people have entered. Great forces—the greatest financial forces in history—are determined that it shall be turned back. Master minds—by far the most resourceful in the Republic or in the world—have been planning and are planning now to turn it back. Unlimited wealth is at their disposal; the craftiest minds in politics are at work—for the people should know that many men in both parties who are held up to them as models of public servants and skillfully portrayed as statesmen are in reality the enemies of this movement, and so the betrayers of the people.

I do not mean that all of them are consciously so. Many of them, raised in the old school of politics, really believe that this whole movement is nothing more than a form of popular insanity. They say privately that "we are in a period of hysteria." They honestly think that this era of reform is a fantastic, wicked nightmare. Who has not heard these men earnestly (but privately—always privately) denounce Roosevelt as a harlequin and a demagogue, though on the stump and before the people they will praise Roosevelt and Roosevelt's policies? Now and then a man like Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, has the courage to say quite openly what these others say quite privately. Other courageous men like ex-Governor Black, of New York, speak with contempt about "the man on the barrel-head." But these bold ones are not so dangerous to reform as the craftier and more cowardly ones who confine their criticism to private utterance and in public declare themselves "in line with the movement," and who, concealing their real opinions, await the day when they can turn back the hands of the clock of time.

The Sophistries of the Obstructionists

ALL these men—the kings of finance who respect not the rights of the great mass of ordinary and honest business men; the great interests that refuse to recognize the new ethics of business which command them to consider the welfare of the people; their paid lawyers, who invent cunning arguments to show that all the laws we propose are unconstitutional; and most dangerous of all, the politician of the old school who believes the whole movement to be nothing more than a spasm—all these are uniting to fight the movement. Sometimes they voice their purpose publicly in most plausible phrase. For example, we hear it said that "we should do no more until we see how that which we have already done will work." But what would you think of a man who, when you were building a house, would tell you to stop and live in it and see how you liked it before the plaster was on the walls, the windows in their frames or the roof shingled?

I do not think that this historic movement will be turned back. It has been checked, it is true; for the moment it is almost at a standstill; but it will gather new force again and sweep forward till it is done. There were similar periods of hesitation and despair in every one of the great movements which I have given as examples of the present one. There were times during the Civil War when the best of men grew faint of heart and said: "Let the erring sisters go"; and in the midst of that conflict a great national party actually adopted a platform which declared that the war was a failure. There were times, such as the winter at Valley Forge, when our war for independence seemed certain of failure. Indeed, a whole paper might be written showing how in every movement like the present, in this and other countries, it seems that the end had come before the move had accomplished its work, but always the people themselves were renewed from On High, their hearts were strengthened, and they went forward till their work was done.

Much has been accomplished, though not within the recent months. A good deal remains to be accomplished. Our whole financial system, which is now a sort of chaos, must be set in order and put upon a solid, enduring, scientific basis. The time has come when we must abandon the log-rolling, hop-skip-and-jump methods of tariff building, and make our customs laws upon exact information according to modern principles of commerce. The Sherman Law, which is twenty years old according to the calendar, but a century old according to business conditions, must be revised and made to fit the modern business situation. It is absurd and worse that honest business men should be prevented from making honest combinations for honest business. Business is the name for the trade activities of the people. Its hands must be free, its feet unshackled. Only upon the dishonest let the ball and chain be locked. We should strike only that business which pilfers from the people, but by the same token, we should help all business that serves the people. For the pirates of business the yardarm or the plank; but for honest business the open seas and welcoming ports.

A number of laws for the safety and comfort of working-people must be enacted. It is a startling fact that the American Republic is a quarter of a century behind every modern European country in labor legislation—fifty years behind some of them. We should be abreast or ahead, instead of being behind Europe in such legislation. England, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and even Italy, have gotten past the wicked doctrine that the laboring-man is a commodity like a machine or a wagon, to be bought and sold, and then thrown away when worn out. The laboring-man, like all the rest of us, is a human being with flesh and blood like ours.

You cannot deal with him and with his wife and children as you would with a carpet or a chair, or a spade or a

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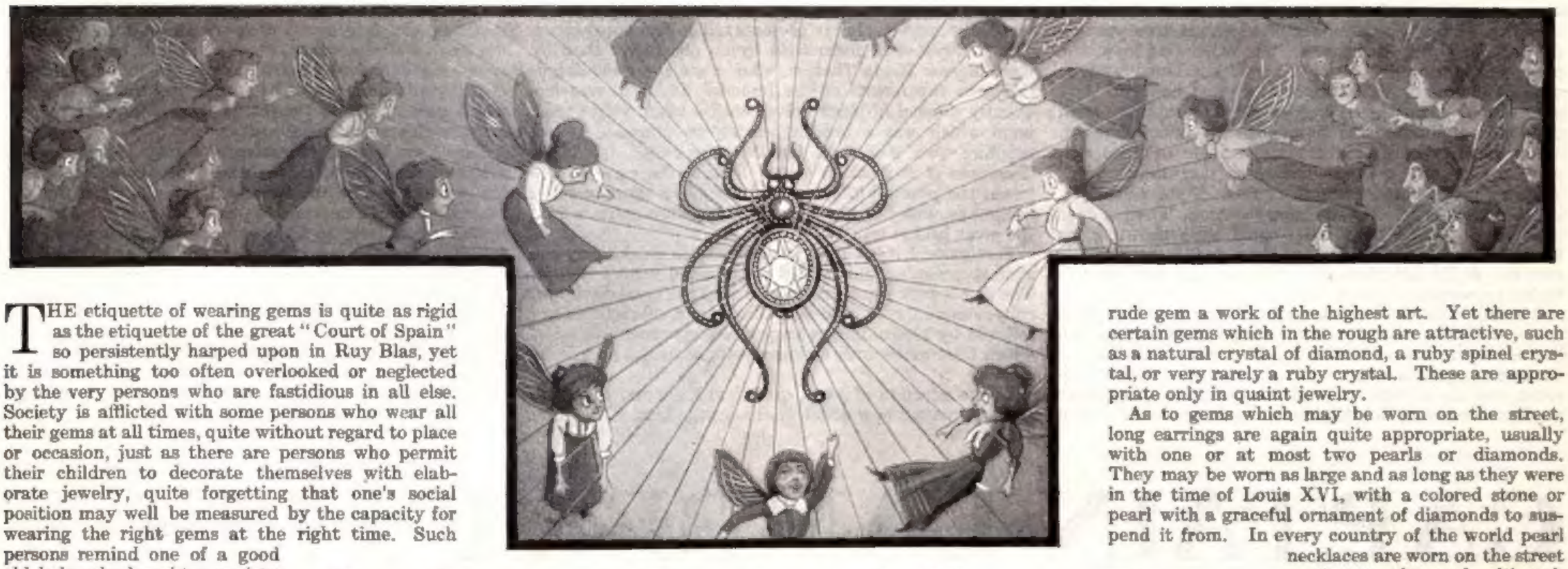
THE ETIQUETTE OF GEMS



By George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D.
TIFFANY'S EXPERT IN PRECIOUS STONES
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

THE etiquette of wearing gems is quite as rigid as the etiquette of the great "Court of Spain" so persistently harped upon in Ruy Blas, yet it is something too often overlooked or neglected by the very persons who are fastidious in all else. Society is afflicted with some persons who wear all their gems at all times, quite without regard to place or occasion, just as there are persons who permit their children to decorate themselves with elaborate jewelry, quite forgetting that one's social position may well be measured by the capacity for wearing the right gems at the right time. Such persons remind one of a good old lady who bought a variety of jeweled ornaments during her long lifetime, and who generally wore them all at once. When some friend mildly criticised her she promptly said: "Them that has them wears them."

And from the earliest times great potentates have owed part of their power to the possession of great and fine jewels. So it is with many men and women, who have been helped to attain their social supremacy through the ownership of fine jewels, more especially if these are worn with good taste. If worn in the proper manner a great profusion of fine gems will appear perfectly correct, whereas the display of poor or ill-assorted jewels will prove only a detriment to the wearer. The fine pearls, the fine diamonds, rubies, sapphires or emeralds are always mentioned in the accounts of great European functions where nobility and lesser lights attend. Precious stones are such fascinating possessions and give their owners such intimate pleasure that it is little wonder a person endowed with such joys wishes to have them about him. However, one must learn to be as temperate in the matter of adornment as in the matter of eating or drinking, wherefore the etiquette of gems has had its natural evolution.

No Child Should be Permitted to Wear Many Gems

No child should be permitted to wear many gems. Little pins with rows of pearls, turquoises and the like are quite possible for babies, but not at all proper for children between four and eight years of age. As a ring gem, nothing can be more appropriate for a child than its natal gem properly set. This is to be a stone which has been decreed and determined for the day or month by tradition, either ancient, mediæval or modern. If such a natal gem is a rare and costly one, one should be chosen set with a gold surface, whose sides may be engraved appropriately with the zodiacal signs, the birth-month's flower, or some other quaint device, delicately but not conspicuously wrought. Again, the gem assigned to the child's guardian angel or to his patron saint may be substituted for or set with the natal stone.

The less expensive stones, such as sard, carnelian, lapis-lazuli or amethyst, may be cut into a seal-stone, being cut quite small for a girl and larger for a boy, although a seal ring for a girl is not quite so appropriate. With a seal ring for a boy of twelve years of age the signet stone may be cut so as to serve him always; or if a seal charm, on one side should be the crest to which male members of his family are alone entitled, and on the other side his monogram or device. This device side should be turned out to serve through his youth, and then the gem can be reversed with the crest side out to serve for his seal on his reaching his majority, when the device side will come in touch with its wearer constantly and quite properly. There is great dignity in an engraved crest to be used for sealing at the proper times.

In a ring for a very small child there is no more appropriate ornament than the delicate blue turquoise, tiny pearls, or very small and brilliant rubies. On the other hand, amethysts in a row are not to be thought of. A brilliant bit of color, the blue of the sky, the green of the fields, or the yellow of waving corn, is a most charming thing, in accord with the joyousness of childhood.

The gems of youth are different again. For girls they may be turquoise, pearls, small sapphires, rubies, or some of the less rare stones such as zircon, peridot, pink topaz, or certain garnets, set in the jewelry in the form of devices. A boy's jewelry will be limited to his cuff-buttons, his ring and his watch, with the tiny charm of sard or of jade which is permissible.

Cupid's Gem the King of All

WHEN master Cupid comes into companionship with young people then diamonds may be worn—the diamond on account of its purity being the one gem which for centuries has been universally accepted as the gem-stone for the engagement ring, for, as an ancient writer said: "When pure, it is like unto a drop of rock-water." It is the most brilliant by day or by night; no amount of wear ever mars it, and it is only very, very rarely that a diamond is injured. It is the invincible stone, the hardest substance known upon the face of the earth. To shape and polish it requires great skill and long patience. When properly cut it is the most brilliant of all gems. It seems appropriate that this should be the stone to set in a metal that, when pure, is the richest of all known metals. Nothing is known that is more enduring than gold; no ordinary acid ever affects it, and yet it is susceptible to the slightest touch of the engraver's tool. It can be cut and shaped out of a nugget and forms a proper setting for the king of gems, although recently Fashion has dictated that the clamps that hold the gem should be platinum, virtually white gold, because the less metal that surrounds a stone the better it is able to show its brilliancy. "Beauty, when unadorned, is most adorned."

Ruskin declared: "Gems should not be cut, but worn in the natural state"; but there is no conceivable reason for one's appearing as though adorned with the products of a quarry, for through the artisanship of the lapidary only is it possible to bring out the full beauty of gems. Indeed, some of the rarest precious gems are positively unattractive in their natural, unpolished and uncut state; and one is reminded that paint and canvas alone do not make a beautiful picture. The same mental quality which combines those elements and produces a beautiful, tangible result is the quality back of the wise lapidary who brings forth from the rude gem a work of the highest art. Yet there are certain gems which in the rough are attractive, such as a natural crystal of diamond, a ruby spinel crystal, or very rarely a ruby crystal. These are appropriate only in quaint jewelry.

As to gems which may be worn on the street, long earrings are again quite appropriate, usually with one or at most two pearls or diamonds. They may be worn as large and as long as they were in the time of Louis XVI, with a colored stone or pearl with a graceful ornament of diamonds to suspend it from. In every country of the world pearl necklaces are worn on the street most properly, and, although other gems are seen in necklaces, they are out of place on the street, generally speaking, except when worn by persons driving. Gems of all descriptions may be worn, if inconspicuous, in belt-pins and in belt-buckles, but the well-gowned woman is always very particular to have any gems that she may wear at all times in keeping with her costume, and she would never think of wearing dull gems with velvet, garnets with white crêpe, turquoise with a violet-colored fabric, or emeralds with colors in mauve.

Bad Combinations of Gems and Gowns

THE long chains, or sautoirs, may contain almost any sort of gem at intervals; only here, likewise, one must bear in mind that pink coral would be out of keeping with rose-pink, and turquoises with bottle-greens. The smartest chains are those which are in perfect harmony with the gowns, and if they are of precious stones we may indeed say that the smartest gowns are those in harmony with the sautoir, whether they are a continuous chain of diamonds, pearls, emeralds or other rich gems secured by a platinum or gold setting.

For house-wear the occasion dictates the precise gems which may be worn. In story books, my lady often receives her poor and needy callers (with whom the plot forces her to keep in touch) arrayed like a moving Golconda. However, in the civilized age of consistency, a lady would scarcely think of making her rounds of charity or paying her philanthropic calls conspicuously adorned with jewels.

Again, it is not customary to attend a funeral wearing all, or perhaps any, of one's gorgeous gems, any more than it is the rule to wear many gems in church.

Persons in mourning must lay aside certain brilliantly-colored gems and be content with diamonds and pearls set

When Cupid Comes into Companionship with Young People—Diamonds

with black traceries. For half-mourning the rich, rple amethyst from the Ural Mountains, and also the exquisite purple gems from North Carolina and Virginia, are quite proper.

Beautiful gems of the richest sort may be worn at dinner, but the woman who knows will not wear more than two rings on that occasion, one of which must be worn on the little finger of either hand. The other ring may be a pearl, ruby, sapphire, or an emerald combined with or without diamonds, or a diamond of great beauty. Any of these, or a marquise ring—a ruby or sapphire with diamonds, or altogether of diamonds—are quite in fashion.

Any great evening social or state occasion, or the opera, permits any one to wear the most magnificent gems she may possess, and even all of them if she so desires. Neither the Court of the Empress Maria Theresa, nor that of Catherine of Russia, could have shown more beautiful gem-bedecked persons than may be seen in our own day at the functions of our democratic and beauty-loving country at a grand opera.

Marie Antoinette, at a state ball, had no more fine gems to boast of than many a person of republican France who has her box at the opera to-day. However, a state ball or the opera is quite a different affair from a queen's drawing-room, and no débutante would be permitted to appear at Court bedecked like Aladdin, even if she should dream of such a thing. The etiquette of the gems which may be worn at Court is rigidly enforced, although we hear very little about it.

The charming contrast between old lace and black velvet and diamonds is very pleasing. The grand old dame with her ruff or front of lace, with her diamond worn tastefully upon it, always presents a dignified appearance. This contrast was understood by no one better than by the Empress Maria Theresa, who, when she went sleigh-riding in the forests of the imperial domains, was frequently dressed in black velvet with a black velvet muff upon which was a brooch bearing an immense yellow sapphire two inches in length, surrounded by white diamonds of two carats each. Picture the contrast between the pure white snow and the black-gowned royal personage, with her magnificent bit of yellow enlivened by the great brilliants!

Fortunately, it is almost unnecessary to caution any one against grouping ill-matched or ill-suited gems together. The day is past when turquoise and garnets, emeralds and ruby, emerald, ruby and sapphire are put side by side unrelieved by alternating gems producing proper contrasts, which then make such arrangements beautiful and desirable.

In the selection of gems, quality is foremost. The fine gem, no matter how small, is always the best. It will be more admired and it will always maintain its value. A diamond worth $10 can be just as perfect, just as pure and just as beautiful as a diamond worth $1000; the only difference is in size. The same is true of the ruby, the pearl and all precious gems. Nevertheless, as there are lesser stars, so there are lesser gems, such as the pale blue sapphire, the long range of tourmalines, the new spodumene and others, which, though not so valuable and not so much sought for by fashion, appeal to the artistic taste of many educated people as do many of the richer gems, which usually fall to the lot of those who wish to own only the richest and most costly.

Pearls are always becoming and may be worn when many of the colored stones would be out of place, but few wearers realize the time and pains required for the making of a large necklace of pearls. One worth $100,000 contains from forty to fifty round pearls, the largest being at the centre, the rest tapering gradually up to the clasp, where the last two pearls are almost always slightly pear-shaped to lend beauty to the necklace. The others should be, as the Pope said, "round as the O of Giotto," of one color, and of a lustre that appears more beautiful in every changing light. The fishery of an entire year could not furnish such a necklace. Indeed, when the pearls are properly matched it has taken a year and sometimes

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CAPTAIN LAMBERT'S LUCK

"Why Don't You Come Off that Boat? Are You Crazy?"

By Harry Snowden Stabler

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

THE Empress had just strolled up from the Capes with two schooners of the Fallon Fleet in tow: the Dorothy Fallon (5) and the Maude Fallon (4). A strong northeast wind behind her, she had made a record for nine masts, light. Berthing her charges in Curtis Bay, near the coal piers, and taking their captains aboard she landed them at the foot of Broadway to report to owners. That done, she headed for the home dock across the Basin to tie up over Sunday.

The big tug, in a new suit of brown and white, had more than the usual saucy, impudent look of her kind as she spurned the dirty, ill-smelling waters. One hundred and thirty feet long to an inch; built high in the bow—for the rough waters about the Capes—she looked quite imposing. Moreover, she sported a vertical, fore and aft, compound engine of nine hundred horse-power. With the "pass-over" on, Captain Lambert swore she could "jerk the bitts out of anything in these waters."

Lambert, himself, was, in a way, like his tug—the most powerful thing in the shape of a man on the Chesapeake Bay. Naturally big in bone and born on the water, years of handling things that bucked, reared and kicked like unbusted broncos had developed a strength and quickness almost incredible. He looked shorter than his five feet ten because of an enormous breadth and depth of chest; it gave him a wedge-shaped, top-heavy appearance. Sunny-tempered to a degree, almost boyish in face and manner, he was none the less a ruthless devil when in a passion—one to be avoided like a pestilence. There were reasons for his present good humor, for, with that Cone River business—three days and two nights at fifteen dollars an hour—the Empress was over thirteen hundred dollars to the good that week.

For all of his hurry to get ashore, Lambert laid the Empress alongside the home dock very carefully. He pulled the "jingle" at the cry of "All fast, sir," and was drawing on his overcoat when he saw Barnes on the run, down past the machine shops. The Captain frowned, throwing open the pilot-house door as Barnes stopped and looked up.

"The boss says send Manning over to Ruppel's to grub up and you come up to the office at once," he called.

"Grub up!" Lambert growled. "My wife cooks my next meal. Look here, Sonny, I haven't had a night home in three weeks and—to-morrow's my day at home. See?"

Some four or five of the crew of eleven were all ready to go ashore when Lambert stepped over the side, motioning them to wait for orders. They stopped, disgusted, while he hurried up to the office.

Cabell greeted him with smiling, near-sighted eyes, and drew him into his private office. "Look here, Howard," he exclaimed, "there is the devil to pay at Norfolk ——"

"And no pitch hot?"

"That's just it. Two of the C. & P. Co.'s barges—the new ones—are hard aground on the Tail o' the Horse-Shoe, loaded with coal for that long cruise of the Fleet. The Alabama, Virginia, Kearsage and Rhode Island are not yet coaled. Banister is wild—up in the air. He has the whole contract and stands to lose a bunch of money. He's afraid the Government will throw the hook into him good and hard—they don't like him anyhow, he says—and he has just finished a twenty-minute talk with me on the long-distance."

"Well, what does he want?" Lambert asked, lighting the big, black cigar Cabell shoved at him.

"There are two four-thousand-ton barges of the C. & P. at Curtis Bay, loaded with that same hand-picked coal. They are rigged with those patent telescope buckets; and if they can be got to Norfolk by midnight Sunday those vessels can be loaded on time."

"That's just like Banister," Lambert grumbled; "ought to have had them there anyhow; the Government's bought the coal. What's in it for us? —not that I'm not patriotic"—he added sarcastically.

"He offers me twenty-five dollars an hour for the Empress ——"

"Between home and home?"

"Yes. Now I wouldn't ask it of you if there was another boat in the harbor just now capable of doing it. The Emperor is still off station at Cape Henry ——"

"I'll Break Your Neck if You Don't Answer Me"

Lambert smiled reminiscently at the way he had euchred the Emperor out of the two schooners just berthed in Curtis Bay.

"But you know what the C. & P's business is to us," Cabell went on. "The Empress has been a big winner in your hands ever since she left the ways. I appreciate the fact that you haven't had a night home in a long time; so I'll tell Banister I'm giving ten of that twenty-five per hour to you and the crew."

"All right, sir. I've got no kick coming on that. But say," he added, "I let three or four of 'em go at the foot of Broadway; they live over that way, somewhere."

"That's hard luck for them," Cabell replied. "If you can't find them quickly, let Manning go to Moll Davis' and pick up what you need for the trip. And, by the way," he smiled at Lambert in the door, "it's almost Christmas. Whatever you can pick up extra this trip I'll split with you—personally—understand?"

It was a fine tribute to Cabell as an employer—to his good grub, pay and accommodations, that there was no protest on the part of the crew, although they had perhaps fifty hours of work ahead of them.

"Grub up, get what coal and ice you need, and three men at Moll's," said Lambert to his mate. "Go from there to Curtis Bay and hook on. I'll run up to see my wife for an hour and come down by trolley."

By one o'clock of the raw, gusty December day the Empress was well away below the last of the channel dredges. Her bow high in the air, her stern low down, with the pull of eight thousand tons of coal behind her, she buckled down to work without a sound or quiver.

Straightening out into the deeper waters of the bay, Lambert rung her up full speed. He turned the wheel over to Manning and glanced far aft to where the second barge, twelve hundred feet away, was smashing her blunt nose into the white caps. His careful eye, gauging the set of the tide, ran back along the tow in a constantly shortening line of vision.

Suddenly he straightened up to see one of the new men standing abaft the closed door of the engine-room, gesticulating wildly. He was on the windward side, and the day being cold not another of the crew was in sight. Raising a bottle to his lips, the man drained its contents and threw it far out to starboard with a furious gesture. Then he lurched to the low bulwark, apparently gazing after it.

"Drunk? Well, what do you think of that?" Lambert muttered. He ran lightly along the flat superstructure and leaned over to hear the drunken voice.

"You dirty skunk; you pirate! I've fixed you, anyhow. You'll carry that stack as far as Hatteras—I don't think!" The man turned, writhing under a crushing grip on his shoulder, to look into a pair of eyes, gray, hard and flinty as a china doll's.

"What the ——?"

"Stow that, Sonny. I'm the Cap'n. See?"

"You're breaking my collar-bone," he gasped. "Let go!"

"I'll break your neck if you don't answer me. What are you doing drunk, and what are you swearing at?"

Swaying, cursing incoherently, the fellow made a wide gesture outboard, toward a snub-nosed, drab-colored steamship, anchored, pointing out, about five hundred yards away. She was a small, odd-looking tramp of about twelve hundred tons burden.

"What ship is that?" asked Lambert, eying her intently.

"The Cygnet."

"Don't know her. Out of ——?"

"Used to be the Callao, and half a dozen ——"

"The what?" Lambert's beardless lips formed an "O" of softly whistled surprise. His wide-open eyes fairly danced as he questioned.

"The Callao; Captain McPhitter—tall, smooth-faced, eyes set close together, slick talker?"

The man leered drunkenly. "That's him! You know him?"

For answer he was twisted about and headed for the cook's galley a few feet away. Still grasping the reeling figure by the shoulder, Lambert threw open the door. As he called the cook his eye lighted upon a large, galvanized iron pail, full of warm, dirty dishwater, almost black, and covered with a greasy scum.

"Sam," he called, pointing to the pail, "fill me a tin-cup of that with 'a little bit off the top'; put in some bread-soda and mustard and stir her up good."

The grinning darky showed every tooth in his head. "Umph, umph, my Lawd! hit sholy is er pity ter spile dat bref," he sniffed audibly and handed it out.

The culprit balked at the offensive sight, but the steadily increasing pressure of an iron thumb and forefinger under the ears forced his mouth open. It was either drink or a dislocated neck; so he swallowed a good half of the nauseous dose. Almost instantly he was thrust overboard and held there. There was no evading the second half either, for the grip on his neck seemed to be separating the head from the body, just where the skull joins the spine.

"Now," said Lambert, smiling sardonically, "get busy. And when I go on at eight come up to the wheel prepared to talk. I'll do the right thing by you if you do. But listen, Sonny," he added casually, "another drink on board this boat and you get a full quart of Sam's dishwater for a chaser. See?" He turned on his heel and sprang up the companionway, leaving the other shuddering with disgust and rage.

In the semi-darkness of the pilot-house, seated on a high stool, his arms flung through the radiating spokes of the five-foot wheel, Lambert looked like a huge spider, crouched in the centre of his web. "Well, how do you feel now?" he asked as his man came in.

"Better, sir."

The bulb alongside suddenly glowed, filling the little room with light. "You look it," Lambert commented. He kept the light on long enough to scutinize the narrow, freckled face, beady, shifting eyes and red hair of a young man about twenty-three or four, who grinned sheepishly.

"What's your name?"

"Scudder—Dan Scudder."

"You know the Cygnet, as you call her, and her captain?"

"I ought to; I was in her over two years."

"What doing?"

"Seaman," was the hesitating reply.

"You didn't seem to have any love for her the last time I saw you," Lambert laughed. Scudder's face being answer enough, he went on: "Well, Sonny, neither have I, and I'm going to get him before he leaves these waters or bust a boiler trying. Who owns the vessel and where ——"

"He does."

"Who, McPhitter himself?" Lambert asked incredulously.

"Yes, sir. The talk is that she's been unlucky ever since she was built. She was libeled, they say, about five years ago, for running down a small fruiter out of Kingston. Her owners let her lay there till she was nearly eaten up with rust. McPhitter came along and took her off their hands for almost nothing."

"What sort of man is McPhitter?"

"All sorts." Scudder laughed aloud. "Why, he's a freak; the crookedest, slickest skunk on salt water. He does all kinds of things that no one ever heard of before, and gets away with 'em too. And lucky! Did you notice that smokestack he's got on her?—looks like a Maypole, with all those stays running down from it. Well, it's a good twelve feet higher than it was ——"

"No wonder I didn't recognize her," exclaimed Lambert.

"Oh, he's an artist at disguising her; paints her up different, rigs her up another way or puts hoisting tackle in her—things like that. She's had six or seven different names since I've known her: the Callao, Achmet, Duncan, Arabia, Nimrod"—Scudder ticked them off on his fingers. "You see, each name has six letters. He's got a big bunch of brass ones—for bow and stern—fixed so the fastenings will go in the same holes ——"

"Say, hold on, Sonny," Lambert exclaimed; "you're drunk yet."

"That's straight," Scudder protested. "He's got a bunch aboard that can do all those things; you ought to see 'em."

"How did you come to be with him? You don't talk like a deck-hand nor look like one." And the light flooded Scudder's face again.

"Oh, I had some little trouble down South—Galveston—and came away in a hurry," he replied, flushing. "You'd be surprised to see the different kinds of men aboard of her, who don't care to travel on land. McPhitter treats 'em well, so it's more like a picnic for most of ——"

"Why did you quit her?" Lambert interrupted.

Pulling up his sleeves Scudder showed the abrasions on his wrists. "The dirty hound made his big nigger put me in irons because they never found out until a short time ago that I could speak Spanish, too. The nigger is a fiend; he would murder his mother if McPhitter told ——"

"What's he doing up there?" asked Lambert, ignoring the passion in voice and gesture.

Scudder hesitated. "Oh, I'm out of it, anyhow," he muttered, and, lowering his voice, he went on: "McPhitter is doing the slickest thing of his life. He's got fifty thousand dollars in gold aboard to pay for rifles and ammunition for one of those revolutions in Central America. They sent one man on ahead and one along with us, but he died in Havana harbor. He was murdered, sure, and then McPhitter made a dicker with the other side to deliver the stuff to them for twenty-five thousand. The deal was made on the Cygnet, and I heard every word of it."

"I see," Lambert commented, "whipsawing 'em."

"That's not all by a whole lot," Scudder replied. "The rifles and ammunition were to be smuggled on at Philadelphia after the man that died had turned over the cash. But instead of the Callao, McPhitter comes up to Baltimore as the Cygnet. He has made at that big box factory a hundred and fifty heavy cases and loads them with old, rusty

It Looked as Big as a Krupp Gun

gas-pipe and junk like that. He proposes to land them, by agreement, at a little bay down there, get the twenty-five thousand on the dot, then skip."

"That will put him seventy-five thousand ——"

"Yes. And then he'll go off to some quiet water, take part of that stack off, change her name, repaint her, lower her hatches a bit, and run into San Domingo for a cargo of mahogany logs for Liverpool."

"Is that junk all he's got in her?"

"Oh, no; he's got pianos, canned goods, cotton duck and flour—that's all straight goods—to go to Havana first. Oh, yes, his papers are all right. I've been a sort of secretary for him—doing all his dirty work in that line, and I know."

Lambert reached over and threw the electric switch, then up to the brass lever overhead. Instantly the broad, white ray of the searchlight shot out over the white-capped waters; this way and that, the long beam pierced the darkness. It picked up an oyster laden "bugeye," bound up to market, and the white, silent ghost of a lumber-runner slanting off on the port tack. The can buoy found, darkness reigned again in the little room, save for the tiny shaft of light from the slit in the compass box.

"See here, Scudder," said Lambert thoughtfully, "that's a devil of a yarn you've been telling me and you've got a kick coming to you all right enough. And now here's mine. Two years ago next April, McPhitter was up in Canton Hollow. I passed him light, on the way to Cape Henry, and he asked me to tow him out. I dickered with him and towed him right to his mark. He had his steam up when we got there. I let go his rope and stood by for him to pass me my fee. You know how it's done—a small bag tied to the middle of a heave line and the end tossed over. Well, sir," Lambert paused at the recollection, "he just rang her up—started off full speed—and stood by the rail with both hands to his nose ——"

The electric bulb suddenly glowed, showing Scudder on the other stool, doubled up with mirth. Back and forth he rocked, convulsed with silent laughter, until he glanced at Lambert's face. He could almost feel that iron hand on the back of his neck, as he slid off the seat with a gesture of protest.

"Sonny, don't laugh," said Lambert softly, the devil dancing in his cold eyes. "Every man in the harbor has had that joke. I thrashed the man who told it on me to a rag, and the boss joshed me about it—just once. See?"

"That's just like McPhitter," Scudder exclaimed, trying to keep from grinning. "He'd rather do a thing like that—just for the fun of it—than earn ten times the amount honestly. That's one reason why I think he's partly crazy. What did you do when he ran away from you?"

"What could I do?" Lambert snorted. "But, Sonny, what I'll do to him will be good and plenty if I can get hold of him. What's he waiting for up there?"

"Me, I reckon," Scudder replied. "I know too much about him and his affairs ——"

The marine clock overhead struck eight bells—midnight.

"Manning will be here in a minute," said Lambert. "You keep your mouth shut tight. Understand?"

Giving his mate location and bearings, the Captain turned in and Scudder went below for the night.

By half-past twelve next day (Sunday) the Empress and her charges were almost in naked sight of the "Head of the Middle," where the Chesapeake throws wide its arms to meet the ocean. Captain Lambert had just picked up with his glasses the ridiculous little gas buoy with which the Government marks the important spot, when Scudder thrust his excited face through the pilot-house door. "Here she comes, sir!"

A swift, wicked oath burst from Lambert's lips. "Are you sure?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. I thought at first her stack belonged to one of these bay boats."

"Here, take the wheel; keep her as she is." Lambert stepped down on the flat house and went aft. It was the Cygnet, sure enough—about a mile and a half astern. All sorts of wild notions flashed through his mind; for the memory of McPhitter and the laughter of the whole harbor was still raw—sore to the touch.

But, after all, what could he do? Swinging between him and the barge was six hundred feet of twelve-inch hawser, dipping and rising in the swells, as though it bore no strain. Behind that barge, another still, both filled with coal for a fleet about to sail. And he was tied—tied!

Swearing softly, earnestly, he stepped back in the pilot-house to hear Manning standing below call up: "Here comes the Emperor—light, too."

Both men laughed aloud. "Brummel's been a dead one all this month," Lambert chuckled.

"It's a pity you can't follow him," Scudder exclaimed, his eyes on the Cygnet.

"Who, McPhitter? What for? What the devil's the use?" was the impatient response.

"SALVAGE!" The ominous, exciting word was spoken deliberately, but with a sibilant viciousness that made Lambert turn quickly.

"You mean?"

"Just what I say; no more," interrupted Scudder, paling as the other's face darkened threateningly. Then he added slowly, "Wait till this sea catches him broadside."

In a flash Lambert recalled the furious words of the day before. What had they meant: an impotent, drunken threat, a mere derisive opinion, or a simple statement of fact?—he could not determine exactly. The glances of the two men locked. Scudder's never wavered an instant, though Lambert's cold gaze questioned mutely. Suddenly his eyes darkened with comprehension and his hand went up to the whistle cord. "Shall I call the Emperor to take these barges and follow McPhitter?"

Scudder's gaze went out over the beautiful, ever-widening waters. They looked like a huge, grayish-green blanket rumpled by a current of wind underneath—heavy, rolling swells which spoke of the depths to which the recent storm had stirred the ocean, not many miles away.

It was simply dip and rise to meet them bow on, but—"It's a hundred to one," Scudder muttered. "Call her!" he exclaimed aloud, his eyes glittering.

. . . . . .

Four hoarse, raucous blasts—the distress signal—came from the big siren of the Empress.

Tiny white jets of steam shot up alongside the distant Emperor's stack, and a moment later the answer came

Back and Forth He Rocked, Convulsed with Silent Laughter

growling down the wind. The Cygnet took no notice of either. One sharp stroke of the gong cut the Empress down to half-speed. The mate hurried up from the mess table a wedge of pie in his hand, amazed inquiry on his long, sallow face. "What's the ——"

"Say, Manning, I'm going to transfer these barges to the Emperor. Go aft and have that new heave line ——"

"Why, what's that for—does the Emperor get any of our extra pay?" demanded the mate, not moving.

"Get out o' here!" was the swift, savage reply. "And keep your mouth shut, too. Understand, Sonny?" The scowling man hesitated. Lambert leaned away from the wheel, his smooth-shaved lips drawing away from his teeth. "You know me, don't you, beau?" he questioned with a slow smile that made Scudder's flesh creep. And Manning, flushing a dull red, backed down the brass-bound steps.

"I'd better attend to that myself," muttered Lambert. "Keep her as she is," he said to Scudder, and followed his mate below.

Nearly the whole of the crew was lined up on the port side, watching the oncoming tug. Huddled up in the bow of the barge was its small crew, also wondering what it was all about.

Lambert called the crew aft to the broad, flat stern. "The Emperor is going to take these barges to Norfolk," he said simply, "and when she comes up I want every man of you to keep his mouth shut—not a word to any one on her. Understand?"

They fell away from him without a word, and ordering Manning up into the pilot-house he paused at the engine-room door. "Mr. Graff, slack up gradually until she just makes headway. This tide will keep those barges from coming down on us—barely headway, understand?" As the engineer, hand on the throttle, simply nodded, Lambert volunteered: "I'm after big game, and I've got to fool Brummel into taking this tow to Norfolk. Back up what I say if you have to. I'm going after McPhitter," he laughed, with a gesture outboard. The eager question died on Graff's lips as Lambert strode away.

He drew his glasses on the Cygnet just abeam, half a mile away to port. Loaded to her plimsoll, a small bone in her teeth, she was bowing gently to the incoming swells—nodding her way out to sea, about five or six knots an hour.

The Emperor crossed her bows half a mile beyond, coming full tilt. Soon every man on her was visible, and Brummel, her captain, leaning far out of the pilot-house, megaphone in hand, "What's the matter?" he bellowed from afar.

There was no reply until the Emperor came up within a hundred feet, churning the green water into foam, as her engines raced astern.

"Cracked cylinder-head," Lambert replied.

Standing in the bow he glanced up for a sign of contradiction from Manning, in the pilot-house. "I can't get near a full head o' steam," he went on. "You'll have to take these barges to Banister; I can't make it on time."

"But I'm ordered up to the shops," Brummel protested.

"Not if I'm broke down," Lambert bawled. "This is Government coal. Banister's got two loaded barges hung up on the Tail o' the Shoe."

"Yes, I know. I've been trying to help him get 'em off—it's no use. Which side do you want me?" Brummel continued, reaching in to his wheel.

The Emperor backed and filled to the clang of her gong as if she were a young colt. She slewed around, rocking like a cradle as the swells took her broadside, and, drawing up twenty feet to starboard of the Empress, the transfer was made.

One end of a heave line was bent on to the twelve-inch hawser just below the bitts. Lambert himself coiled the other end and stood, swaying easily. His arm described a half circle, and the line shot clear across the stern of the other tug. Both engines stopped and the barges came slowly on of their own momentum, the swift, incoming tide keeping them apart. The great cable slacked and sagged in the middle, deeper and deeper. "Are you ready?" Lambert called. "All ready, sir." The end of the hawser went overboard with a great splash.

From the pilot-house Lambert watched a half dozen of the Emperor's crew haul the big rope inboard. "All fast," shouted Brummel. "Can you get up to the shops?"

Lambert turned with a laugh. "Full speed ahead," rang the strident notes of the gong. Then he whistled down the voice tube: "Stir 'em up below, Mr. Graff; I want all you can give me."

Relieved of her burden the Empress shot away like a live thing, leaving Brummel and his crew dumb with astonishment and anger.

Lambert turned to Scudder. "I'm in for it now, and if you've lied to me your name's Dennis; you're *it*, sure as hell's hot. Understand, Sonny?"

Scudder, too eager and excited to notice the dancing devil in those smiling eyes, simply shrugged his shoulders, gazing after the Cygnet, now a good four miles away.

After her went the Empress like a hound on the scent. Past the Head of the Middle the dim, gray outline of Old Point Comfort showed away to starboard; then the Rip-Raps. Soon a few tiny specks, huddled together on the Tail of the Horse-Shoe, marked the wrecking tugs after Banister's stranded coal, just west of the Light Ship, which marks the dreaded curve. Beyond them Cape Henry Light and the pilot ships anchored off shore.

A quick flurry of snow came down blanketing everything. When it cleared as suddenly as it came the Cygnet

(Continued on Page 25)

THE FIRING LINE

By Robert W. Chambers

AUTHOR OF THE FIGHTING CHANCE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL F. FOSTER

CHAPTER XIV—Concluded

THEIR black chair-boy lay asleep under a thicket of Spanish bayonet.

"Arise, O Ethiope, and make ready unto us a chariot!" said Malcourt pleasantly; and he guided Virginia into her seat while the fat darky climbed up behind, rubbing slumber from his rolling and enormous eyes. Half-way through the labyrinth they met Miss Palliser and Wayward.

"Where on earth have you been?" asked Virginia, so candidly that Wayward, taken aback, began excuses. But Constance Palliser's cheeks turned pink; and remained so during her silent ride home with Wayward.

Lately the world had not been spinning to suit the taste of Constance Palliser. For one thing, Wayward was morose. Besides, he appeared physically ill. She shrank from asking herself the reason; she might better have asked him for her peace of mind.

Another matter: Virginia, the circumspect, the caste-bound, the intolerant, the emotionless, was displaying the astounding symptoms peculiar to the minx! And she had neither the excuse of ignorance nor of extreme youth. Virginia was a mature maiden, cognizant of the world, and alive to the doubtful phases of that planet. And why on earth she chose to make herself conspicuous with a man like Malcourt, Constance could not comprehend.

And another thing worried the pretty spinster—the comings, goings and occult doings of her nephew with the most distractingly lovely and utterly impossible girl that Fate ever designed to harass the soul of any young man's aunt.

That Hamil was already in love with Shiela Cardross had become painfully plainer to her every time she saw him. True, others were in love with Miss Cardross; that state of mind and heart seemed to be chronic at Palm Beach. Gussie Vetchen openly admitted his distinguished consideration, and Courtlandt Classon toddled busily about Shiela's court, and even Cuyp had become disgustingly unfaithful, and no longer wrinkled his long Dutch nose into a series of white corrugations when Wayward took Miss Palliser away from him. Alas! the entire male world seemed to trot in the wake of this sweet-eyed young Circe, emitting appealingly gentle and propitiating grunts.

"The very deuce is in that girl!" thought Constance, exasperated; "and the sooner Garry goes North the better. He's madly unhappy over her. . . . Fascinating little thing! *I* can't blame him too much—except that he evidently realizes he can't marry such a person ——"

The chair rolled into the hotel grounds under the arch of jasmine. The orchestra was playing in the colonnade; tea had been served under the cocoanut palms; pretty faces and gay toilettes glimmered familiarly as the chair swept along the edge of the throng.

"Tell the chair-boy that we'll tea here, Jim," said Miss Palliser, catching sight of her nephew and the guilty Circe, under whose gentle thrall Hamil was now boldly imbibing a swizzle.

So Wayward nodded to the charioteer, the chair halted, and he and Constance disembarked and advanced across the grass to exchange amenities with friends and acquaintances. Which formalities always fretted Wayward, and he stood about, morose and ungracious, while Constance floated prettily here and there, and at last turned with nicely prepared surprise to encounter Shiela and Hamil seated just behind her.

The younger girl, rising, met her more than half-way with gloved hand frankly offered; Wayward turned to Hamil in subdued relief.

"I've been looking at those confounded alligators and listening to Vetchen's and Cuyp's twaddle! Constance wouldn't talk; and I'm quite unfit for print. What's that in your glass, Garry?"

"A swizzle ——"

"Anything in it except lime-juice and buzz?"

"Yes ——"

"Then I *won't* have one. Constance! Are you drinking tea?"

"Do *you* want some?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes, I do—if you can give me some without asking how many lumps I take—like the inevitable heroine in a British work of fiction ——"

"Jim, what a bear you are to-day!" And to Shiela, who was laughing: "He snapped and growled at Gussie Vetchen, and he glared and glowered at Livingston Cuyp, and he's scarcely vouchsafed a word to me this afternoon except the civility you have just heard. Jim, I *will* ask you how many lumps ——"

"Britain triumphant! Two—I think; ten, if you wish, Constance—or none at all. Miss Cardross, you wouldn't say such things to me, would you?"

"Don't answer him," interposed Constance; "if you do you'll take him away, and I haven't another man left!

"But You Wouldn't Ask Your Maid to Tea, Would You?"

Why are you such a dreadful devastator, Miss Cardross? . . . Here's your tea, James. Please turn around and occupy yourself with my nephew; I'd like a chance to talk to Miss Cardross."

The girl had seated herself beside Miss Palliser, and, as Wayward moved over to the other table, she gave him a perverse glance, so humorous and so wholly adorable that Constance Palliser yielded to the charm with an amused sigh of resignation.

"My dear," she said, "Miss Suydam and I are going North very soon, and we are coming to see your mother at the first opportunity."

"Mother expects you," said the girl simply. "I did not know that she knew Miss Suydam—or cared to."

Something in the gentle indifference of the words sent the conscious blood pulsing into Miss Palliser's cheeks. Then she said frankly:

"Has Virginia been rude to you?"

"Yes—a little."

"Unpardonably?"

"N-no. I always can pardon."

"You dear!" said Constance impulsively. "Listen: Virginia does snippy things at times. I don't know why and she doesn't either. I know she's sorry she was rude to you, but she seems to think her rudeness too utterly unpardonable. May I tell her it isn't?"

"If you please," said Shiela quietly.

Miss Palliser looked at her, then, succumbing, took her hand in hers.

"No wonder people like you, Miss Cardross."

"Do *you?*"

"How could I escape the popular craze?" laughed Miss Palliser, a trifle embarrassed.

"That is not an answer," returned Shiela, the smile on her red lips faintly wistful. And Constance surrendered completely.

"You sweet thing," she said, "I do like you. You are perfectly adorable, for one reason; for the other, there is something—a nameless something about you ——"

"Quite—nameless," said the girl under her breath.

A little flash of mist confused Miss Palliser's eyesight for a moment; her senses warned her, but her heart was calling.

"Dear," she said, "I could love you very easily."

Shiela looked her straight in the eyes.

"What you give I can return; no more, no less—for pride's sake."

But already Constance Palliser had lifted the girl's smooth hand to her lips, murmuring: "Pride! pride! It is the last refuge for social failures, Shiela. And you are too wise to enter there, too sweet and wholesome to remain. Leave us our obsolete pride, child; God knows we need something in compensation for all that you possess."

Later they sipped their tea together. "I always wanted you to like me," said the girl. Her glance wandered toward Hamil so unconsciously that Constance caught her breath. But the spell was on her still; she, too, looked at Hamil; admonition, prejudice, inculcated precept, wavered hazily.

"Because I care so much for Mr. Hamil," continued the girl innocently.

For one instant, in her inmost intelligence, Miss Palliser fiercely questioned that innocence; then, convinced, looked questioningly at the girl beside her. So questioningly that Shiela answered:

"What?"—as though the elder woman had spoken.

"I don't know, dear. . . . Is there anything you—you cared to ask me?—say to me?—tell me?—perhaps ——"

"About what?"

So fearless and sweet and true the gaze that met her own that Constance hesitated.

"About Mr. Hamil?"

The girl looked at her—understood her—and the color mounted to her temples.

"No," she said slowly, "there is nothing to tell anybody. . . . There never will be."

"I wish there were, child." Certainly Constance must have gone quite mad under the spell, for she had Shiela's soft hands in hers again, and was pressing them close between her palms, repeating: "I am sorry; I am, indeed. The boy certainly cares for you; he has told me so a thousand times without uttering a word. I have known it for weeks—feared it. *Now* I wish it."

"Mr. Hamil—understands ——" faltered Shiela; "I—I care so much for him—so much more than for any other man, but not in the way you—you are kind enough to—wish ——"

"*Does* he understand?"

"Y-yes. I think so. I think we understand each other—thoroughly. But"—she blushed vividly—"I—I did not dream that you supposed ——"

Miss Palliser looked at her searchingly.

"But—it has made me very happy to believe that you consider me—acceptable."

"Dearest child, it is evident that we are the unacceptable ones ——"

"Please don't say that—or think it. It is absurd—in one sense. . . . Are we to be friends in town? Is that what you mean?"

"Indeed we are, if you will."

Miss Cardross nodded and withdrew her hands as Virginia and Malcourt came into view across the lawn.

Constance, following her glance, saw, and signaled silent invitation; Malcourt sauntered up, paid his respects airily, and joined Hamil and Wayward; Virginia spoke in a low voice, then, leaning on the back of her chair, looked at Shiela as inoffensively as she knew how. She said:

"I am very sorry for my rudeness to you. Can you forgive me, Miss Cardross?"

"Yes. . . . Won't you have some tea?"

Her direct simplicity left Virginia rather taken aback. Perhaps she expected some lack of composure in the girl, perhaps a more prolix acceptance of honorable amends; but this terse and serene amiability almost suggested indifference; and Virginia seated herself, not quite knowing how she liked it.

Afterward she said to Miss Palliser:

"Did you ever see such self-possession, my dear? You know I might pardon my maid in exactly the same tone and manner."

"But you wouldn't ask your maid to tea, would you?" said Constance, gently amused.

"I might, if I felt I could afford to," she nodded listlessly. "I believe that girl could do it without either

disturbing her own self-respect or losing caste below stairs or above. As for the Van Dieman—just common cat, Constance."

Miss Palliser laughed. "Shiela Cardross refused the Van Dieman son and heir—if you think that might be an explanation of the cattishness."

"Really?" asked Virginia, without interest. "Where did you hear that gossip?"

"From our vixenish tabby herself. The thin and vindictive are usually without a real sense of humor. I rather suspected young Jan Van Dieman's discomfiture. He left, you know, just after Garret arrived," she added demurely.

Virginia raised her eyes at the complacent inference; but even curiosity seemed to have died out in her, and she only said languidly:

"You think she cares for Garret? And you approve?"

"I think I'd approve if she did. Does that astonish you?"

"Not very much."

Virginia seemed to have lost all spirit. She laughed rarely nowadays. She was paler, too, than usual—paler than was ornamental; and pallor suited her rather fragile features, too. Also she had become curiously considerate of other people's feelings—rather subdued; less ready in her criticisms; gentler in judgments. All of which symptoms Constance had already noted with incredulity and alarm

"Where did you and Louis Malcourt go this afternoon?" she asked, unpegging her hair.

"Out to the beach. There was nothing there except sky and water, and a filthy eagle dining on a dead fish."

Miss Palliser waited, sitting before her dressing-table; but as Virginia offered no further information she shook out the splendid masses of her chestnut hair and, leaning forward, examined her features in the mirror with minute attention.

"It's strange," she murmured half to herself, "how ill Jim Wayward has been looking recently. I can't account for it."

"I can, dear," said Virginia gently.

Constance turned in surprise.

"How?"

"Mr. Malcourt says that he is practicing self-denial. It hurts, you know."

"What!" exclaimed Constance, flushing up.

"I said that it hurts."

"Such a slur as that harms Louis Malcourt—not Mr. Wayward!" returned Constance hotly.

Virginia repeated: "It hurts—to kill desire. It hurts even before habit is acquired, . . . they say. Louis Malcourt says so. And if that is true—can you wonder that poor Mr. Wayward looks like death? I speak in all sympathy and kindness—as did Mr. Malcourt."

So *that* was it! Constance stared at her own fair face in the mirror, and deep into the pained brown eyes reflected there. The eyes suddenly dimmed and the parted mouth quivered.

So that was the dreadful trouble!—the explanation of the recent change in him the deep lines of pain from the wing of the pinched nostril, the haunted gaze, the long, restless silences, the forced humor and its bitter flavor tainting voice and word!

And she had believed—feared with a certainty almost hopeless—that it was his old vice, slowly, inexorably transforming what was left of the man she had known so long and cared for so loyally through all these strange, confusing years.

From the mirror the oval of her own fresh, unravaged face, framed in the burnished brown of her hair, confronted her like a wraith of the past; and, dreaming there, wide-eyed, expressionless, she seemed to see again the old-time parlor set with rosewood; and the faded roses in the carpet; and, through the half-drawn curtains, spring sunlight falling on a boy and a little girl.

Virginia, partly dressed for dinner, rose and went to the window, frail, restless hands clasped behind her back, and stood there gazing out at the fading daylight Perhaps the close of day made her melancholy; for there were traces of tears on her lashes; perhaps it suggested the approaching end of a dream so bright and strange that, at times, a dull pang of dread stilled her heart—checking for a moment its heavy beating.

Light died in the room; the panes turned silvery, then darker, as the swift Southern night fell over sea, lagoon and forest.

Still Constance sat before the mirror which was now invisible in the dusk, her bare elbows on the dresser's edge, her face framed in her hands over which the thick hair rippled.

And, in the darkness, her brown eyes closed—perhaps that they might behold more clearly the phantoms of the past together there in an old-time parlor, where the golden radiance of suns long dead still lingered, warming the faded roses on the floor.

And after a long while her maid came with a card; and she straightened up in her chair, gathered the filmy robe of lace, and, rising, pressed the electric switch. But Virginia had returned to her own room to bathe her eyelids and pace the floor until she cared to face the outer world once more and, for another hour or two, deceive it.

CHAPTER XV

MEANWHILE Constance dressed hastily, abetted by the clever maid; for Wayward was below, invited to dine with them. Malcourt also was due for dinner, and, as usual, late.

In fact, he was at that moment leisurely tying his white neckwear in his bed-chamber at Villa Cardross. And sometimes he whistled tentatively, as though absorbed in mentally following an elusive air; sometimes he resumed a lighted cigarette which lay across the gilded stomach of a Chinese joss, sending a thin, high thread of smoke to the ceiling. He had begun his collection with one small idol; there were now nineteen, and all hideous.

"The deuce! the deuce!" he murmured, rejecting the tie and trying another one; "and all the things I've got to do this blessed night! . . . Console the afflicted—three of them; dine with one, get to "The Breakers" and spoon with another—get to the club and sup with another!—the deuce! the deuce! the ——"

He hummed a bar or two of a new waltz, took a puff at his cigarette, winked affably at the idol, put on his coat, and without a second glance at the glass went out whistling a lively tune.

Hamil, dressed for dinner, but looking rather worn and fatigued, passed him in the hall.

"You've evidently had a hard day," said Malcourt; "you resemble the last run of seaweed. Is everybody dining at this hour?"

"I dined early with Mrs. Cardross. Mrs. Carrick has taken Shiela and Cecile to that dinner dance at the O'Haras'. It's the last of the season. I thought you might be going later."

"Are you?"

"No; I'm rather tired."

"I'm tired, too. Hang it! I'm always tired—but only of Bibi. *Quand même!* Good-night. . . . I'll probably reappear with the dicky-birds. Leave your key under that yellow rose-bush, will you? I can't stop to hunt up mine. And tell them not to bar and chain the door; that's a good fellow."

Hamil nodded and resumed his journey to his bedroom. There he transferred a disorderly heap of letters, plans, contracts and blue-prints from his bed to a table, threw a traveling rug over the bed, lighted a cigar and lay down on it, closing his eyes for a moment. Then he opened them wearily.

He did not intend to sleep; there was work waiting for him; that was why he left the electric bulbs burning, a safeguard against slumber.

For a while he smoked, flat on his back; his cigar went out twice and he relighted it. The third time he was deciding whether or not to set fire to it again—he remembered that—and remembered nothing more, except the haunted dreams in which he followed *her*, through sad and endless forests, gray in deepening twilight, where he could neither see her face nor reach her side, nor utter the cry which strained in his throat. . . . On, on, endlessly struggling onward in the thickening darkness, year after year, the sky a glowering horror; the forest, no longer silent, a twisting, stupefying confusion of sound, growing, increasing, breaking into a hellish clamor!

Upright on his bed he realized that somebody was knocking, and he slid to the floor, still stupid and scarcely convinced.

"Mrs. Carrick's compliments, and is Mr. Hamil quite well, bein' as the lights is burnin' an' past two o'clock, sir?" said the maid at the door.

"Past *two!* Please thank Mrs. Carrick, and say that I am going to do a little work, and that I am perfectly well." He closed the door and looked around him in despair: "All that stuff to verify and O. K.! What an infernal ass I am! By the nineteen little josses in Malcourt's bedroom I'm so many kinds of a fool that I hate to count up beyond the dozen!"

And, thinking of Malcourt, suddenly he remembered the door-key. Malcourt could not get in without it. And the doors were barred and chained.

Slipping the key into his pocket he opened his door, and, treading quietly through the silent house, descended to the great hall. With infinite precaution he fumbled for the chains; they were dangling loose. Somebody, too, had drawn the heavy bars, but the door itself was locked.

So he cautiously unlocked it, and holding the key in his hand, let himself out on the terrace.

And at the same moment a shadowy figure turned in the starlight to confront him.

"Shiela!"

"Is that you, Mr. Hamil?"

"Yes. What on earth are you ——"

"Hush! What are *you* doing down here?"

"Louis Malcourt is out. I forgot to leave a key for him under the yellow rose ——"

"Under the rose—and yellow at that! The mysteries of the Rosicrucians pale into insignificance beside the lurid rites of Mr. Malcourt and Mr. Hamil—under the yellow rose! Proceed, my fearsome adept, and perform the occult deed!"

Hamil descended the terrace to the new garden, hung the key to a brier under the fragrant mass of flowers, and glanced up at Shiela, who, arms on the balustrade above him, was looking down at the proceedings.

"Is the dread deed done?" she whispered.

"If you don't believe it come down and see."

"I? Come down? At *two* in the morning?"

"It's half-past two."

"Oh," she said, "if it's half-*past* two I might think of coming down for a moment—to look at my roses. . . . Thank you, Mr. Hamil, I can see my way very clearly. I can usually see my own way clearly—without the aid of your too readily offered hand. . . . Did you ever dream of such an exquisitely hot night! That means rain, doesn't it?—with so many fragrances mingling? The odor of lilies predominates, and I think some jasmine is in the inland wind, but my roses are very sweet if you only bend down to them. A rose is always worth stooping for."

She leaned over the yellow blossoms, slender, spirit-white in the starlight, and tousled her fresh young face with the silken petals.

"So sweet," she said; "lean down and worship my young roses, you unappreciative man!"

For a few minutes she strolled along the paths of the new garden he had built, bending capriciously here and there to savor some perfect blossom. The night was growing warmer; the sea breeze had died out, and a hot wind blew languidly from the west.

"You know," she said, looking back at him over her shoulder, "I don't want to go to bed."

"Neither do I, and I'm not going."

"But I'm going. . . . I wonder why I don't want to? Listen! Once—after I was a protoplasm and a micro-organism and a mollusk and other things, I probably was a predatory animal—nice and sleek, with velvet feet and shining, incandescent eyes—and very, very predatory. . . . That's doubtless why I often feel so deliciously awake at night—with a tameless longing to prowl under the moon. . . . And I think I'd better go in now."

"Nonsense," he said; "I'm not going to bed yet."

"Oh! And what difference might that make to me? You are horridly conceited; do you know it?"

"Please stay, Calypso. It's too hot to sleep."

"No; star-prowling is contrary to civilized custom."

"But every soul in the house is sound asleep ——"

"I should hope so! And you and I have no business to be out here."

"Do little observances of that sort count with you and me?"

"They don't," she said, shaking her head; "but they ought to. I *want* to stay. There is no real reason why I shouldn't—except the absurd fear of being caught unawares. Perhaps, perhaps I might stay for ten more minutes. . . . Oh, the divine beauty of it all! How hot it is!—the splash of the fountains seems to cool things a little—and those jagged, silvery reflections of the stars, deep, deep in the pool there. . . . Did you see that fish swirl to the surface? Hark! What was that?"

"Some night bird crying in the marshes. It will rain to-morrow; the wind is blowing from the hummock; that's why it's hot to-night; can you detect the odor of wild sweet-bay?"

"Yes—at moments. And I can just hear the surf—calling, calling, 'Calypso!' as you called me once. . . . I *must* go now."

"To the sea or the house?" he asked, laughing.

She walked a few paces toward the house, halted, and looked back audaciously.

"I'd go to the sea—only I'm afraid I'd be found out. . . . Isn't it all too stupid! Where convention is needless and one's wish is so harmless why should a girl turn coward at the fear of somebody's discovering how innocently happy she is trying to be with a man! . . . It makes me very impatient at times." . . . She turned, hesitated, stepped nearer and looked him in the face, daringly perverse.

"I want to go with you! . . . Have we not passed through enough together to deserve this little unconventional happiness?" She was breathing more quickly. "I *will* go with you if you wish."

"To the sea?"

"Yes. It is only a half-mile by the hummock path. The servants are awake at six. Really, the night is too superb to waste—alone. But we must get back in time, if I go with you."

"Have you a key?"

"Yes, here in my gloves"—stripping them from her arms. "Can you put them into your pocket with the key? . . . And I'll pin up my skirt to get it out of the way. . . . What? *Do* you think it's a pretty gown? I did not think you noticed it. I've danced it to rags. . . . And will you take this fan, please? No, I'll wear the wrap—it's only cobweb weight."

She had now pinned up her gown to walking-skirt length; her slim feet were sheathed in silken dancing

gear; and she bent over to survey them, then glanced doubtfully at Hamil, who shook his head

"Never mind," she said resolutely; "only we can't walk far on the beach; I could never keep them on in the dune sands. Are you ready, oh, my tempter?"

Like a pair of guilty ghosts they crossed the shadowy garden, skirted the dark orange groves, and instead of entering the broad, palm-lined way that led straight east for two miles to the sea, they turned into the sinuous hummock path which, curving south, cut off nearly a mile and a half.

"It's rather dark," she said.

They walked for a few minutes in silence; and, at first, she could not understand why he insisted on leading, because the path was wide enough for both.

"I *will* not proceed in this absurd manner," she said at last, "like an Indian and his faithful squaw. Why on earth do you ——" And it flashed across her at the same instant.

"Is *that* why?" imperiously abrupt.

"What?" he asked, halting.

She passed her arm through his, not gently, but her voice was very friendly.

"If we jump a snake in the dark, my friend, we jump him *together!* It's like you, but your friend Shiela won't permit it."

"Oh, it's only a conventional precaution ——"

"Yes? Well, we'll take chances together. . . . Suppose—by the wildest and weirdest stretch of a highly-colored imagination—you jumped a rattler?"

"Nonsense ——"

"*Suppose* you did?"

He said, sobered: "It would be horribly awkward for you to explain. I forgot about ——"

"Do you think I meant *that!* Do you think I'd care what people might say about our being here together? I—I'd *want* them to know it! What would I care—about—anything—then!"

Through the scorn in her voice he detected the awakened emotion; and, responsive, his pulse quickened, beating hard and heavy in throat and breast.

"I had almost forgotten," he said, "that we might dare look at things that way. . . . It all has been so—hopeless—lately ——"

"What? . . . Yes, I understand."

"Do you?—my trying to let you alone—trying to think differently—to ignore all that has been said?"

"Yes. . . . This is no time to bring up such things." Her uneven breathing was perceptible to him as she moved by his side through the darkness.

No, this was no time to bring up such things. They knew it. And she, who in the confidence of her youth had dared to trust her unknown self, listened now to the startled beating of her heart at the first hint of peril.

"I wish I had not come," she said.

He did not ask her why

"You are very silent—you have been so for days," she added; then, too late, knew that once more her tongue had betrayed her. "Don't answer me."

"Why not?"

"Because what I say is folly. . . . I—I must ask you to release my hands. . . . You know it is only because I think it safer for—us, don't you?"

"What threatens *you*, Calypso?"

"Nothing, . . . I told you once that I am afraid—even in daylight. Ask yourself what I fear here under the stars with you."

"You fear *me?*"—managing to laugh.

"No, I dread your ally—my unknown self—in arms eternally to fight for you," she answered with forced gayety. "Shall we kill her to-night? She deserves no consideration at our hands."

"Dear ——"

"Hush! That is not the countersign on the firing line. Besides, it is treachery, because to say that word is aiding, abetting and giving information and comfort to our enemies. Our enemies, remember, are our other and stealthy selves." Her voice broke unsteadily. "I am trying so hard," she breathed, "but I cannot think clearly unless you help me. There is mutiny threatening somewhere."

"I have tried, too," he said.

"I know you have. Do you suppose I have been untouched by your consideration for me all these long days—your quiet cheerfulness—your dear unselfishness—the forbidden word!—but what synonym am I to use? . . . Oh, I know, I know what you are doing, thinking, feeling—believe me—believe me. I know! And—it is what you must do, of course. But—if you only did not show it so plainly the effort—the strain—the hurt ——"

"Do I show it?" he asked. "I did not know that."

"Only to me—because I know. And I remember how young you were—that first day. Your whole expression has changed. . . . And I know why. . . . At times it scarcely seems that I can bear it—when I see your mouth laughing at the world and your eyes without mirth [illegible] and the youth in you so altered, so quenched, so—forgive me!—so useless ——"

"To what better use could I devote it, Shiela?"

"Oh, you don't know!—you don't know! You are free; there are other women, other hopes—try to understand what freedom means!"

"It means—*you*, Shiela."

She fell silent; then:

"I'd Go to the Sea—Only I'm Afraid I'd be Found Out"

"Wherever I turn, whatever I say—all paths and words lead back again to you and me."

The hard, hammering pulse in his throat made it difficult for him to speak; but he managed to force an unsteady laugh: "Shiela, there is only one way for me now—to fire and fall back. Could you help me under fire?—I have tried to help you. My last reserve is spent. Stand by me still. I've got to go up to Portlaw's camp, anyhow ——"

"And after that?"

"Mrs. Ascott wants a miniature Versailles. I'll show you the rough sketches ——"

"And after that?"

"I've one or two promises ——"

"And afterward?"

"Nothing."

"You will never—see me—again. Is that what 'nothing' means?"

They walked on in silence. The path had now become palely illumined; the sound of the surf was very near. Another step or two and they stood on the forest's edge.

A spectral ocean stretched away under the stars; ghostly rollers thundered along the sands. North and south dunes glimmered, and the hot fragrance of sweet-bay mingled with the mounting savor of the sea.

She looked at the sea, the stars, blindly, lips apart, teeth closed, her arm still resting on his

"Nothing," she said, under her breath; "that was the best answer. . . . Don't touch my hand! . . . I was mad to come here. . . . How close and hot it is. What is that new odor—so fresh and sweet ——"

"China-berry in bloom ——"

"Is it?"

"I'm not sure; once I thought it was you; the fragrance of your hair and breath—Calypso."

"When did you think that?"

"Our first night together."

She said: "I think this is our last."

He stood for a while, motionless; slowly raised his head and looked into her eyes; took her loosely in his arms.

White of cheek and lip, rigid, her eyes met his in breathless suspense. Fear widened them; her hands tightened on his wrists behind her.

"Will you love me?"

"No!" she gasped.

"Is there no chance?"

"No!"

Her heart was running riot; every pulse in rebellion. A cloud possessed her senses, through which her eyes fought desperately for sight.

"Give me a memory—to carry through the years," he said unsteadily.

"No."

"Not one?"

"No!"

"To help us endure?"

Suddenly she turned in his arms, covering her eyes with both hands.

"Take—what—you wish," she panted.

He touched one slim, rigid finger after another, but they clung fast to the pallid face. Time and space reeled through silence. Then slowly, lids still sealed with desperate white hands, her head sank backward.

Untaught, her lips yielded coldly, but the body, stunned, swayed toward him as he released her; and, his arm supporting her, they turned blindly toward the path. Without power, without will, passive, dependent on his strength, her trembling knees almost failed her. She seemed unconscious of his lips on her cheek, on her hair—of her cold hands crushed in his, of the words he uttered—senseless, broken phrases, questions to which her silence answered and her closed lids acquiesced. If love was what he was asking for, why did he ask? He had his will of her lips, her hair, her slim, fragrant hands, and now of her tears—for the lashes were wet and the mouth trembled. Her mind was slowly awaking to pain

With it, far within her in unknown depths, something else stirred, stilling her swelling heart. Then every vein in her grew warm; and the quick tears sprang to her eyes.

"Dearest—dearest ——" he whispered. Through the dim star-pallor she turned toward him, halted, passing her finger-tips across her lashes.

"After all," she said, "it was too late. If there is any sin in loving you it happened long ago—not to-night. . . . It began from the—the beginning. Does the touch of your lips make me any worse? . . . But I am not afraid—if you wish it—now that I know I always loved you."

"Shiela! Shiela, little sweetheart ——"

"I love you so—I love you so," she said. "I cannot help it any more than I could in dreams—any more than I could when we met in the sea and the fog. . . . Why should I lie to myself and you? I know I can never have you for mine; I know—I know. But if you will be near me when you can—if you will only be near—sometimes ——"

She pressed both his hands close between hers.

"Dear—can you give up your freedom to a girl you cannot have?"

"I did so long since."

She bent and laid her lips on his hands, gravely.

"I must say something—that disturbs me a little. May I? Then there are perils—warnings—veiled hints. . . . They mean nothing definite to me. . . . Should I be wiser? . . . It is difficult to say—senseless—showing my ignorance, but I thought if there were perils

(Continued on Page 30)

BELFORD'S FRIEND

When Belford Gathered Himself Up, Dazed, the Car was Moving Away

Two Ends of a Rough Road

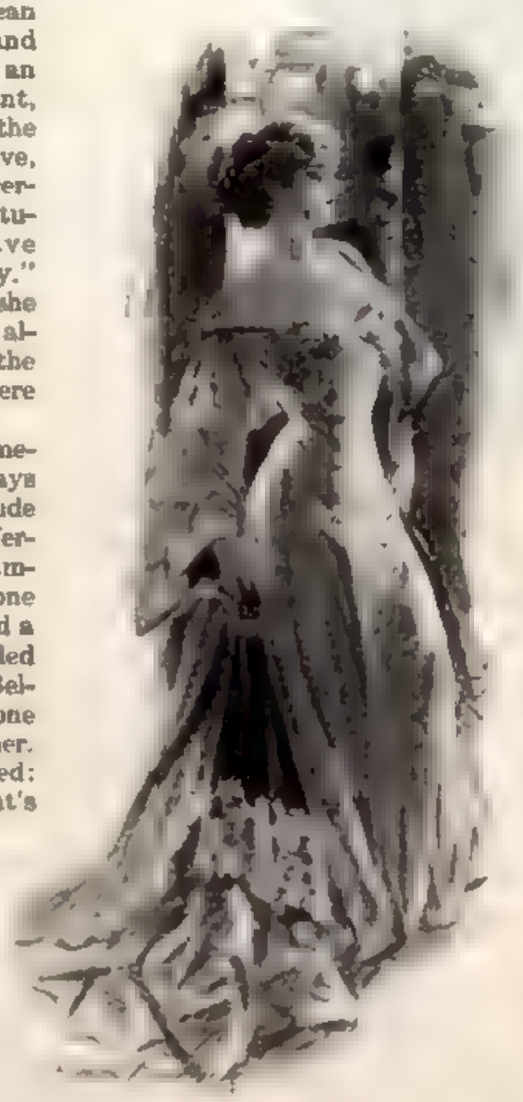
By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND FREDERICK

BELFORD entered the opera house nervously For a long time he had cherished an odd, foolish desire to do this very thing. But now that he was in the act he could not subdue an alarming consciousness of his high hat, claw-hammer coat and white gloves. It even seemed probable that some of these women whose bare shoulders nestled in costly fur, on whose bare heads jewels shone, would exclaim indignantly; that some man who had a right to wear full dress would turn upon him and sternly bid him be gone. No one, however, seemed to detect that he was merely a country-bred, indigent clerk in a broker's office, or in the least to care who he was.

There were two vacant chairs in the box to which his ticket admitted him. He took the forward one. As the overture began a slight stir behind him drew his attention. A young man was handing a young woman into the box and taking leave of her.

At the instant, she stood with a bright light at her back, her head turned a little to one side, smiling. She was of large mould, finely made. Threads of her brown hair shone in the glow. The young man turned away. She stepped into the comparative obscurity of the box. Then Belford arose, with a little gesture offering his better-placed chair.



A Young Man was Handing a Young Woman into the Box

She saw a tall, spare young man, with a lean face, the eyes, nose and chin of which were of an indubitable sort—meant, very plainly, for exactly the features they were—grave, also. And she saw a certain ineptness to the situation. She may have thought, "A country boy."

"Oh, please don't," she murmured, with grace, almost in a whisper—for the others in the box were listening to the music.

Belford smiled—something he was not always doing—and moved aside for her to take the preferable chair. In the dimness, her blue eyes shone friendly; her lips curved a little, graciously; she glided by him to the chair. Belford seated himself to one side, somewhat behind her.

The way she had entered: to music, with a moment's glow at her back, the dim light of the box, the almost whispering murmur of her voice, lent the incident an intimate and dramatic air. The blood ran fast in Belford's veins. What had teased him on to the absurdity of buying the high hat, claw-hammer coat and box seat had been just this notion that a fair, gracious woman might definitely appear out of the vague world of them which he imagined to be all about him.

During the act, more often than he attended to the stage, he looked at her beautiful shoulders, the poise of her head, once at the dim whiteness of her slipper, adventuring beyond the hem of her gown. When the curtain fell he sat still. Her position in the chair did not change; but her slippered foot came out, moved with noiseless restlessness, softly tapped the carpet. Her gloved hand went up to her hair, sought the other hand, touched her hair again. She turned her head to this side and that. Then Belford understood that he was annoying her, that she felt his greedy eyes. He got up hastily, coloring, and went to the smoking-room.

There, after a moment, he saw Dutcher, leaning against the wall. The burly, frowning, swarthy man, in evening dress, looked like a detected and outcast villain of melodrama. A fellow-feeling let Belford divine that Dutcher was ill at ease in his claw-hammer coat and white vest—vaguely ashamed, like a big out-of-doors dog whose tail the children have adorned with a bow of pink ribbon.

Belford went boldly over, and Dutcher was obviously glad of somebody to be friendly with. Inevitably, their chat turned to the stock market. Dutcher found that what the young fellow had to say about Duluth and Winnipeg common was interesting.

"I say," he interrupted eagerly—the uncontrollable bursting out of pent and pressing yearning—"let's cut this out a while and go have a drink!"

Belford knew the current legend about Dutcher. In his youth he had been a blacksmith in a Minnesota town. Someway he had got hold of a process for making plowshares, and gradually risen to local fame and opulence in that trade. Two years before this Morser had promoted a consolidation, or trust, of plowmakers. Dutcher went into it; was now "chairman of the board," at a liberal salary, without anything in particular to do; had four or five million dollars. Latterly he had come on to New York, where he now figured as a sort of satellite of Morser—one of the "Morser crowd" whose operations were a feature of the Street. The "crowd" traded in stocks prodigally, were long or short by the hundred thousand shares—which meant great commissions to the brokers who handled their business.

Belford sat with Dutcher in a restaurant, over a bottle of champagne, talking stocks until the opera was nearly over. That was the beginning of his luck. The jovial blacksmith took a liking to the young man; found him shrewd, quick and steady; well-stocked, too, with useful information. Gradually Belford's firm, on Belford's account, got some of Dutcher's business. A day came when he quit the cluttered den back of the cashier's wicket where he had moiled for more than three years—for fifty dollars a month at first. His place was now out in front; his real job to get business from Dutcher; and his salary was three hundred a month.

Dutcher, in time, began taking him out to lunch, or of an afternoon or evening. So Belford became familiar with various costly places of refreshment that the blacksmith favored. Here he got upon a friendly footing with Farnham, Bellew, young Morser, Morser himself. His acquaintance extended among other gentlemen speculatively and convivially inclined. All this meant more business. One evening, at the reception of a rather gregarious club of artistic name and intentions, he turned from a picture—which had caught his wandering attention because the haystack seemed so unlike—and saw a pair of blue eyes glancing at him, shiny threads of brown hair, beautiful shoulders, gracious lips. He managed the introduction easily enough, and found out about her. She was not a howling swell, not rich at all, rather poor, a professor's daughter in short, possibly attainable.

"What luck! What luck!" he repeated on his way home. He was really amazed by it; exalted, and yet humbled—as though, when she gave her pretty hand to the man she was introduced to, she had symbolized that further giving of which his heart dreamed.

The heady sense of his luck, also, sharpened his will to press it hard. More and more, he became Dutcher's favorite broker; drew business from others; prospered in his own small ventures. He was able, presently, to enter the junior partner's office, smiling, and hold up the digits of his two hands—ten, as Mr. Allen could see at a glance.

"All right, Jack. We'll make it ten thousand a year," said the junior partner.

Meanwhile, he was becoming known at Professor Brewster's modest apartment, taking a teacup without being very definitely aware what it was, giving an arm, holding a cloak that made his nerves tingle, patronizing the florist all he dared. For a long time, that was all. She was gracious, friendly, ready to laugh, yet kept a guard that he could not break through—for a long time.

They entered the box at the opera together. He had managed the party with much cunning, for it had seemed to him that it would be like ensnaring her into his own house. When the lights went down he glanced around at her, with an odd, humble smile. Their eyes met. Then he forgot orchestra and audience, and drew in a long, sighing breath of content. She had not parried that lead. Going home, they had only a minute to themselves in front of the apartment, in the half-dark of a winter night.

"It seemed unbearably long, Jane," he said, under his breath. "After that first night at the opera it was a year and a half before I found you again. I thought I was going to find you; but it seemed infernally long—like a whole lifetime going to waste. This other year and a half, since I did find you—day after day went by, weeks and months, and it seemed awfully long. I could feel myself growing old, you know; my life just going to seed. It was harder to bear than the first, because I was closer to you. I burned up with impatience. But now"—he took in a long, heady breath. "The three years! Why, it's been nothing! Nothing at all! What luck!"

The only answer she made—speaking swiftly, but soberly—was, "Come up to-morrow. I wish to talk to you." He understood that there was something to be settled between them.

She began next day in an unexpected way—sitting well apart from him, grave, her hands clasped over her knee. "I don't like your trade, John," she said. "Perhaps it's only a woman's prejudice. But we were 'in the market' once—more especially my uncle. Since then I've known of others. So I know something of one side of what that

stock-gambling is. I've seen one man go old and heart-broken and half-mad over it. I've seen women cry on account of it. I know it lies and lies "

He considered it a moment, soberly "It isn't altogether a pretty trade," he said with ready frankness. "I've thought of it myself. Yes"—he nodded to emphasize it—"I'll pull out of it. I've got something else in mind already—something you will like. I'll pull out and go in for the other thing."

She smiled a little, rather mournfully. "When, John?"

It came to him that she had heard all this of pulling out of it before. But he answered boldly, "Very soon. This other thing needs rather more capital than I can command. But I see my way to it. There's a deal on now ——" He broke off before her small, rather mournful smile, which seemed to say that she had heard all that before. It seemed to him, then, that he had heard all that before also—from various lips. For a moment he was baffled.

"And who are these men you're so much with, John—Dutcher and the rest? One doesn't hear pleasant things about them."

He brightened visibly. "Why, really, Jane," he said earnestly, "Dutcher isn't at all a bad sort at heart. Used to be a town blacksmith, you know; got hold of a process for making plowshares; just hammered it out at his forge, with his two big hands and his dogged horse-sense. Built up his business, bit by bit, hammering it out, twenty hours at a stretch." He warmed to it. "I wish you could hear him talk about it when he gets going. He's fought fire bareheaded; stood off strikers with a crowbar, lived in the works, and all that. It was a good two-fisted man's fight. By and by he was a nabob up there, and still worked twelve hours a day because the work was in him."

"But he isn't doing that now," she observed.

"Of course, after that Morser consolidation, he had a lot of money and nothing in particular to do," he explained, then returned to his enthusiasm. He tipped back his head and laughed. "Good old Dutch! He's bought a house up on Seventieth Street, understanding that was the proper thing to do. But it's all Minona, Minnesota, inside. He goes around in his shirt-sleeves, wearing carpet slippers. They have a daughter in college. Pictures of her, from pinafores up, are all over the house. Dutch is as proud of her as though she were the Queen of Sheba—seems a nice girl, too, from the pictures and the letters they're always quoting. He calls his wife 'Ma,' you know, and she calls him 'Pa.'"

He laughed again, but more gently—almost wistfully.

"Poor Ma! She's all lost and bewildered here in New York—a good, simple, motherly soul—rather fleshy now, and round-shouldered; wears her gray hair combed down smooth just as when she was a girl. She smooths her hair down with her hand, and then you notice that her fingers are bent and her hand gnarled with hard work just like Dutch's." He felt that he was on strong ground with Ma. "She has a kind of sweet, peering, wistful way, and I'm always imagining that she's really peering for Minona and the old neighbors and the chickens and posey beds and friendly milkman; for she doesn't know anybody here that she cares to know; is just lost and bewildered. You see, I'm from Minona myself, or the same thing. So it strikes me."

"He's kind to her?" she asked, more softly.

"Yes, he's kind to her—in his rough way," he replied, with some embarrassment.

"But spends much of his time away from home," she suggested; "and drinks more than is good for him."

"He stays away from home, more or less," Belford admitted, with some embarrassment. "He does drink more than is good for him. That's true. But his staying away from home—you see, she thinks that's part of this dim, bewildering affair of New York—in which Pa is so important. He has some twenty years of good record at Minona to his credit with her. So, if he says 'committee meeting' ——" He broke off ineffectually.

"She supposes committees sit all night," she suggested, in an even voice; but if he had been looking at her he would have seen that her eyes grew bigger and brighter, and she turned rather white.

"Probably," he confessed, embarrassed.

"I think I understand," she said, low and slowly. "A burly, coarse, good-natured blacksmith; a useful man in his way; fond of his daughter and of his wife; in his simple-mindedness not questioning the busy, decent standards of his town. Wasn't that Dutcher? He comes here; is given a lot of money and rotten company. He turns gambler and is seeing what he can do by way of making a beast of himself. The men around him lead him on because they want to get business from him, or to use him in some way. They flatter his silly notion that he's doing something very important in his stock gambling. They sit drinking with him when they know he's ruining himself by it. Not one of them will try to help the poor fool. That's what you've been doing with Dutcher, isn't it? And you know Ma, too! You'd think it sentimental to say an honest word to him—besides, it might hurt business. So you sit by, drinking with him. Isn't that true, John?"

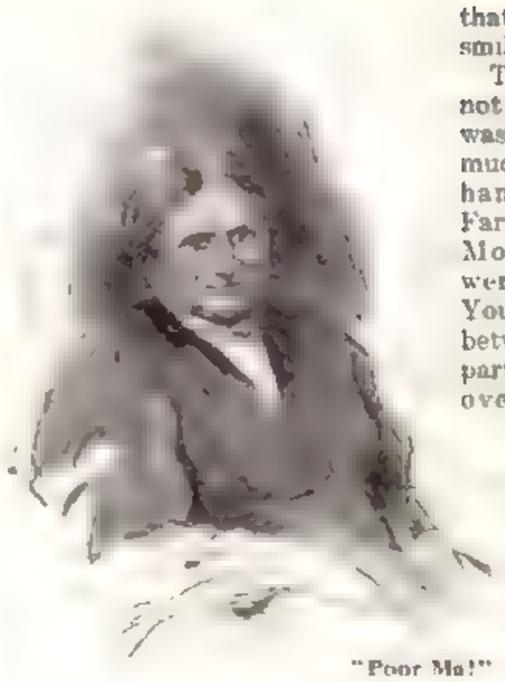
"But, Great Scott, Jane!" he protested, "I'm not a preacher. See here—honestly, I've been sorry to see Dutch make a fool of himself. Honestly, I've been sorry for Ma. But what can I do? He's a big, stubborn, headstrong brute, not easily controlled. Even now he's head over heels in a deal that I've advised him against, because I'm pretty sure it will turn out badly. But what can I do?"

"I wish you had tried a little. That would mean a good deal to me," she replied. "You don't say very much against his bad deal, do you, when he gives you orders to buy or sell or whatever he is doing? So long as the orders mean money for you, you don't say very much. How do you reconcile yourself when you see Ma? Do you say, 'This man has so many thousand or hundred thousand dollars in him; my business is to get them out of him'? Can you say that in your heart when you're eating his bread and looking at Ma, who loves him? Perhaps it was only my woman's prejudice; but I felt there was a big lie out somewhere. I wanted to talk with you. It seems to me you're the lie, John—to Dutcher and to his wife. You pretend to be their friend; but you're not their friend. Think it over carefully; and when you're quite through with Dutcher, or when you can say, 'My friend was going to ruin and I helped him'—then you may come to see me again—if you wish." Her voice was very low and her face pale. Belford looked into her firm eyes; then gazed at the carpet.

Going out, he felt a kind of rage at the unreasonableness of the whole situation in which he was caught. It was not, he felt, a situation that could fairly be judged sentimentally. Yet when it was judged sentimentally it was not pretty. He thought he had been something of a fool in going to Dutcher's house and getting friendly with Ma. On a square dog-eat-dog basis he could have justified himself.

Outside, the muscles of his jaw stiffened and his brows knit. "All right," he thought doggedly, "I'll wind it up mighty soon. I'll get through with the whole business mighty soon!"

There was a splendid opportunity in prospect for doing that. He had no notion of quitting empty-handed, or even with one hand full. He saw clearly how he could avoid that; and began anticipating the moment—not far distant—when he could present himself to Jane, smiling, and say, "I'm quite through with Dutcher. In fact, I've chucked the whole trade. I'm going in, now, for something else which you will approve." Then he understood that when he said that to her, smiling, it would be a big lie.



"Poor Ma!"

Three weeks later he had not seen Jane again, and he was sitting in a marble place, much begilded. At his right hand sat Dutcher. Sidney Farnham, Jim Bellew, young Morser and Morser himself were of the jolly company. Young Morser—rather narrow between the eyes; the lower part of his thin face somewhat overdeveloped—was always very abstemious. Now, Belford himself merely sipped the wine—and fought down a leaden heaviness that possessed him. Nevertheless, it had all the appearance of a friendly, convivial gathering. The gentlemen of the "Morser crowd" at the table were often smiling. A joke, only half veiled, was afoot among them. This joke was that Dutch had been drinking rather too much.

He had settled down in the armchair, which his burly figure quite filled; his swarthy face was red; his eyes twinkling. To Belford he looked like a huge, shaggy creature—a moose or bear—caught and wounded, but fronting his enemies with a still formidable strength, and with a kind of fatalistic good-nature.

Morser was in great good-humor—as was common with him. He was something of a dandy; his gray mustache carefully barbered into straight, horizontal points; a wave of white hair handsomely topping his intelligent brow. At least he played his game without rancor—gave and took smilingly.

All might have passed off with outward pleasantness, but Dutcher's big, awkward hand upset a wine-glass, which rolled from the table and shattered on the floor. Such an accident always disconcerted him—as though he felt that it suddenly revealed him, to his sumptuous surroundings, in his blacksmith's apron. He scrambled upright in his chair, and stooped over, as though he meant to pick up the wreckage.

Morser gave a laugh—mellow and pleasant. "They'll send the pieces up to your house for you if you want 'em," he said.

Then young Morser cackled, in his higher, thinner voice: "No use, Dutch! It's just like Duluth and Winnipeg common. Once it goes down, you can't even pick up the pieces!"

Dutcher's big trunk heaved up from the stooping posture. His face was black with wrath. He leaned toward the young man with an ominous grind of his teeth. "So you think you've got me, do you? You think you can crow over it, do you?" He was growling like a bear and he seemed to gather rage as he spoke. "You and your father have been after me for three months. I know it well enough. Well, Duluth and Winnipeg is mine! Understand! I'll stick by it till hell freezes over; and as for you, you puppy——" He drew back a mighty arm.

Belford, alert, threw himself bodily across the blacksmith's shoulders and seized the drawn arm. "Dutch! Dutch! For Heaven's sake remember where you are!" he implored under his breath.

Dutcher bore his weight lightly, but the words penetrated. For a moment he was still, his arm drawn back, Belford clutching it; while young Morser, his mouth open, his eyes filled with fear, shrank away. Then Belford felt the arm relax, and slipped quickly back into his seat. Already two or three astonished waiters were moving uncertainly in their direction.

The incident was over. Dutcher, his lip lifted with contempt, glowered into young Morser's white face, but did not stir. Painful silence fell.

Morser arose serenely. His son, Farnham and Bellew briskly followed. "I hope you'll find the skating good, Dutch," said Morser pleasantly. They moved away, leaving Belford and Dutcher at the table.

Belford, with his sharp, half-intuitive sense for such things, had as good as known this for some time—namely, that Morser was really pitted against Dutcher in the Duluth and Winnipeg affair. That point settled, the outcome of the deal was a simple little problem in arithmetic. Up to a certain point Belford had followed Dutcher in the deal—had even now a

(Continued on Page 27)

Dutcher was Ill at Ease in His Claw-Hammer Coat

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 27, 1908

Discouraging Big Landowners

ANOTHER attempt to destroy individual initiative, thrift and ambition and so reduce humanity to one dead level of inert mediocrity is discoverable in the bill, favorably considered by the House of Commons, granting right of free access to uncultivated mountain or moorland.

This means that just anybody may tramp across a duke's moorland or climb a viscount's barren mountain, and no keeper can lock him up for doing it. Obviously, all solid advantage of possession of uncultivated scenery departs. That advantage consists in the owner's blissful feeling that, although he has no particular use for the land himself, nobody else can come upon it without his consent.

Suppose a follower of William, at Hastings, could have foreseen that the large slices of Saxon land which the magnanimous conqueror was about to bestow upon him would one day be freely accessible to any mere touring baker or bank clerk! Might he not have sulkily paused in his enterprise of knocking Saxons on the head, considering that, under such discouraging circumstances, the Saxons might as well live and keep their land?

The favorites and their relatives to whom generous sovereigns gave away the public domain might have been far less enterprising could they have foreknown this latter-day invasion of their proprietary rights. Their enterprise was very often most injurious to England; but that, of course, is beside the question.

Unreasonable Violence

VERY strange people live abroad; and we may thank Heaven that we are not as they are.

Patriot Gregori, at Paris, finding the burial of Zola in the Pantheon extremely irksome, diversifies the ceremonial by attempting to assassinate Major Dreyfus, and many other patriots, at the boiling point, approve the attempt.

At this distance we can see clearly that the boiling patriots act with no reason whatever. If M. Gregori had resided south of the Ohio and disagreed with Major Dreyfus about negro suffrage, or if he had lived in the Rocky Mountains and the Major had driven him to distraction by upholding an erroneous view of the relations of capital and labor, or even had he been a Pennsylvanian and discovered Dreyfus attacking the tariff, we can understand how the natural heat of his emotions might have carried him clean out of his head. But that any man should work himself into a homicidal rage because a few hundred thousand Jews live, with no offense except their prosperity, in his country, is past comprehension. Ten thousand two hundred and sixty-four foreign-born Japanese in California (at the last census) might with some reason be a subject for violence.

Foreign people will become utterly unreasonable for no reason at all; but with us, when we leave reason behind we always have a good reason for doing it.

A Short Cut to High Circles

IT IS difficult to understand why porch-climbing is not more popular. Mr. Pinkerton, perhaps the most eminent authority in the country, declares that, while there is a riffraff of amateur and sporadic performers, the number of men professionally engaged in this calling—those of skill and standing, who might be entitled, say, to a degree of P. C. M.—does not exceed twenty-five.

They confine their attentions, it seems, to those cities which can boast a high development of wealth and culture. By carefully studying the society columns in the Sunday newspapers, by close observation and intelligent cultivation of gossip, they become encyclopædic in their knowledge of the habits, habitations and personal ornaments of the élite. To glide up a porch-pillar at the most opportune moment, locate the lady's boudoir, pocket her necklace, drop softly to the ground and ride off in an automobile, is for them a simple, matter-of-course feat.

Detection is rare, Mr. Pinkerton adds, and the profits large. But it is not of the vulgar emoluments that we speak. The great attraction, we should think, would lie in that delicious sense of intimacy with the highest society which members of this profession must enjoy. A porch-climber, for example, who after due preparation has just rifled Mrs. Astorbilt's jewel box—with what nonchalant familiarity could he discuss that lady, to the confusion and humiliation of his friends, who being mere burglars and pickpockets can scarcely boast of an acquaintance above the social rank of a police captain!

We have seen symptoms which make us suspect there must be many people who would be overjoyed to climb porches for this delightful reward alone, gladly devoting the material profits to foundlings' homes.

A Case of Legislative Haste

IT OCCURRED to some one, as an afterthought, that there was nothing in the Vreeland-Aldrich bill to prevent the banks, in an emergency, from issuing clearing-house certificates and checks to take the place of money, as they did last fall.

We rather hope that is what they would elect to do.

Last fall, as appears from a statement recently compiled, the banks issued near-money in the form of clearing-house paper to the amount of two hundred and twenty million dollars. About half of this was issued at the central reserve cities; the remainder at some fifty places over the country, in amounts ranging from twenty-five thousand dollars up, as local needs required.

Excepting a few strayed checks, the whole amount was redeemed and canceled between January 1 and April 1. Therein lies the great advantage of this emergency paper. Having done its work, it promptly disappears.

Two hundred and twenty millions of emergency notes issued under the Vreeland-Aldrich bill would certainly remain outstanding for years after the need for them had passed. Being actual money, guaranteed by the Government, they would become an indistinguishable part of the circulating medium. The money to redeem them, it is true, would be deposited by the issuing banks with the United States Treasury, whereupon the tax on the emergency notes would cease. But, if there is anything in the bill to prevent a complaisant Secretary of the Treasury from soon redepositing this redemption money with the banks—thereby, to all practical effect, keeping the emergency circulation outstanding tax-free—the inhibition is certainly very obscurely expressed.

Every one deprecates hasty legislation. This currency bill was the main subject of debate during the five-months' session of Congress. That it is merely experimental is frankly acknowledged in the concluding paragraphs, which provide that it shall expire in six years and that a commission shall be appointed to find out, if possible, what we should really do about the currency.

In legislation anything under five years is hasty.

Saying Boo to the Doctors

THE medical profession is one of the most disinterested and useful in the world.

Nevertheless, it is quite inevitable that at any given moment some hundreds of thousands of people must be sore at the doctor. His bill has just come in, or his treatment has not turned out as happily as he hoped, or two or three of him have disagreed in their diagnosis, leaving the patient and his friends in a state of harrowing uncertainty.

At any given moment, therefore, the American public holds in solution, so to speak, a large quantity of disaffection and irritation toward the doctor, which it would be glad to precipitate itself if it knew how to do so. This is precisely the condition which enterprising journalism delights to detect and act upon.

A "crusade" to abolish doctors, or even to lock them up periodically, would hardly commend itself. But the public is tender-hearted; any tale of suffering touches its sensibilities; and the doctor practices vivisection. Enterprising journalism, making the logical deduction from this, promptly attacks the doctor vigorously as a vivisectionist—considerably to the disturbance of the American Medical Association.

But before the Association's disturbance subsides the anti-vivisection agitation will have been dropped in favor of some fresher crusade. We recall the able editor who conducted a brilliantly successful crusade to make the zoo people feed the big snake on bologna sausage instead of rats, and followed it by one, equally successful, for the extermination of rats.

To people having human ties animal experimentation is preferable to human experimentation, and the choice lies between the two. The suffering to animals thereby caused amounts, perhaps, to one per cent. of what stray dogs and ill-kept horses suffer without any particular notice from anybody.

Fresh Air for Country Folks

"I FAVOR," writes a correspondent, "a movement to draw well-to-do farmers' daughters into the cities, where they can get the fresh air and exercise that are so necessary to vigorous physical development. I recommend, also, that country clerks and merchants be urged to adopt a city regimen, with an hour or two a day out of doors, at a country club or in an automobile, instead of spending all their time in either a stuffy store or an overheated house hermetically sealed against fresh air.

"If you will step into a country railroad station, heated to a hundred and four in the shade and with every window nailed shut, or ride a while in a car devoted to rural travelers, you will see that something ought to be done to reconcile the countryman to Nature's therapeutics. To be sure of finding rosy-cheeked, erect, strong-limbed young men and women you must go among the well-to-do of the city, who get all the air and sunshine they can, and carefully avoid indulgences in saleratus biscuit and salt pork.

"Bodily exercise in the country, except when enforced by a calling, is taken only by city visitors."

Perhaps the views of our correspondent lean somewhat to the extreme. But comparative death rates in Chicago, New York and bucolic regions tell a remarkable story. Some metropolitan contemporaries have the disquieting habit of warning city readers at this vacation season to be cautious about typhoid when they go into the invigorating country, and to insist upon having the bedrooms properly aired. Brand Whitlock puts in a further body blow by pointing out that the country has no more superiority over the city in morals than in health.

Iowa's Ideas on Protection

USUALLY an election leaves plenty of room for argument, but whatever else may be said about the Iowa election, certainly no irrepressible enthusiasm for tariff revision is discernible in the result.

Senator Allison's fame and the value of his commanding position in the Senate doubtless made many voters reluctant to supplant him. The fact remains that his opponent was well recommended by ability and character, that tariff revision was the chief issue, and that the stand-pat candidate won.

Of course, everybody is for revision. Senator Allison's victory suggests this might be carried to the length of putting boiled birds' nests on the free list and a liberal reciprocity treaty, covering steel and iron, with the Congo Free State. To demonstrate that agricultural Iowa gets no benefit from high protection is far simpler than to make the demonstration convincing in Iowa. The State has been mightily prosperous. A policy of high protection has been in force. That Republicans connect the two phenomena as effect and cause is shown by the way they vote.

Coincidentally with the election came the statement from some party humorist that, if the Democrats should by any possibility win in the fall, the Republicans would instantly convene Congress in special session to make sure that the tariff be revised by its friends—while there was yet time.

They would not, of course, go to that bother when a simple proclamation by the President forbidding Congress to take up the tariff until the Republicans were again in control would be of exactly the same effect, at only one per cent. of the expense.

Altogether Irregular Tactics

GENERAL SIR REDVERS BULLER, who died the other day, suffered that peculiar misfortune which no military education can prevent, and which has in the last three thousand years overtaken a surprisingly large proportion of able commanders. That is, he met an enemy who would not fight as he was expected to, thus in a measure nullifying the advantages of training.

We believe, in spite of the historians who pronounce a cock-sure judgment after the event, that Darius was really a first-rate soldier, and would have won that advantage over the Greeks which his numerical superiority fairly entitled him to, had not Alexander surprised him by tactics which were not down in the Persian books.

Gonsalvo won by introducing an entirely new method of handling infantry—which, of course, anybody who cared to take the responsibility could have done.

The Prussians, under Frederick, beat the French by doing the unexpected, and were themselves beaten by the French under Napoleon because he did the unexpected.

Military education, in short, is ever a questionable asset, because at any moment somebody may spring a set of manœuvres that quite upset the approved system.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Arbitration à la Mode

WHEN a Representative, just a Member of the House, you know, with no frills and no furbelows, not of the ruling classes, no spread-eagler—a nice, ordinary chap, doing his work day by day, and not looking always for the limelight—gets to be president of the Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration, that is going some, isn't it?

Say that name over fast: Interparliamentary Union for the Promotion of International Arbitration. Sounds like a station on the Trans-Siberian Railroad, or the bill-of-fare in the Reed House, Tupelo, Mississippi, where John Allen lives. Well, it isn't either one. It is a society for the extinction of the horrors of war, and the person who is president of it, which is quite an expense, in a way, for he has to buy extra-sized cards to get it all on, is none other than our leading horrors-of-war extinguisher, Dr. Richard Bartholdt, of St. Louis, Missouri, Mo.

If the good doctor had his way any person who cried havoc and let slip the dogs of war would have the net thrown over him and be taken to a nicely-lighted cell, where he would be forced to read all the tracts of the Inter—nay, nay—of the society. That would come pretty close to being cruel and unusual punishment, but the Doctor is real stern about this thing. He disapproves of war. Every once in a while he lets go a blast about the uselessness of going out on the field of glory and getting all mussed up with bullet wounds and sabre thrusts and such, to say nothing of being mowed down—mowed down are the exact words—by the hissing shot and the screaming shell—shells being better mannered than shot and not hissing. It seems to be up to the armed nations of the world to quit it when the Doctor speaks. Of course, he has particular reference to those countries where enormous standing armies are maintained, sapping the vitality of the land and burdening the peasants with obnoxious taxes—see Tract No. 2—and otherwise getting ready to fly at one another's throats when the dragon of war gets in the saddle and stamps with iron heel on the rights of an oppressed people, who haven't any rights, and shakes the mailed hand at the blinded eyes of those who tread the wine-press while carrying on their bowed shoulders this terrible travesty on humanity and good will, which is pretty tough, to say the least.

There isn't so much to tell about our own army, although the Doctor is in favor of abolishing that, too. It would be no great shakes to wipe out our army, for if you'd start a couple of circuses you could employ about all we have for canvasmen and drivers. Besides, without an army we couldn't have had Secretary Taft, and think what that would have meant! To be sure, Secretary Taft hasn't been at the War Department much, but he has been Secretary of War just the same. However, we haven't the plan under way, as yet, so there's no use casting up.

A Relic of the Days Before the House

DOCTOR BARTHOLDT has been advocating international arbitration for a good long time. It is his opinion that all this fuss about battleships and armament and manœuvres and practice marches and casting big guns and fortifications—this practice of going out and fighting when one country puts a dent in the honor of another country, or tries to put a dent in the country, which is not quite the same thing, but averages—is barbarous, a relic of the days before we had any House of Representatives—we meaning the world at large—or any Interparlia—that society, you know. He says every time one country boots another country around a battlefield it denotes a lack of civilization, a reversion to those dark and bloody days before lawsuits were invented, and the only way the poor, benighted people had to settle a line-fence quarrel or to get back a cow some neighbors in the neighboring donjon keep had stolen was to march out and go to war. Now, with all our courts and a lot of sizzling intellects ready to tackle any dispute between any two countries, from territorial aggrandizement to faked old masters, from the suzerainty of a hunk of Africa to who invented diabolo, tackle it and fix it all up, war is bogus, says the Doctor.

In his opinion, it is not only a waste of money, but a waste of precious lives, to fight. The rational, sensible, comfortable thing to do is to settle it over a glass of beer. Let a lot of delegates get together, play a little pinochle, and before any one had melded a hundred aces twice it would all be harmony and good will, and the whole affair would be relegated to the rear, and there would be no war. What is the result now, when two nations engage in hostilities, which is a much flossier term than "go to war," and in high favor with the Interparliamen—with the society? What is the result, the Doctor asks you? All the German soldiers go on the police force, and all the English soldiers go on the police force, and all the American soldiers go on the pension list, and there you are.

Our Leading Horrors-of-War Extinguisher

Suppose the Interparliamentary Union was working. So soon as a King or other royal personage, or a President or other—no, not royal—other person, called some other King or President out of his name, thereby creating a *casus belli*—pretty fancy terminology the Union has—Doctor Bartholdt would send out a few telegrams to the members of the Union, and at an appointed date they would meet in St. Louis, say, at Tony Faust's, like as not. Well, Gus, the waiter, would bring in the seidels and the Doctor would say: "Prosit!" and, after a time, it is probable there would be a salamander. Would there be any war by that time? Not a war cloud in the sky. It would be settled peacefully and quietly, and the delegates could go back home, secure in the knowledge that they had done much for humanity—after, of course, the Doctor had shown them the breweries, which are the principal monuments of St. Louis, and such other attractions as there are.

The Doctor is working to bring this about. He is one of the familiar sights at the various Peace Congresses that have been called by the Czar of Russia after he has had the tar whaled out of him by Japan. It would be an exaggeration to say the Doctor has secured any definite results for interparliamentary and international arbitration—that is, any results that will deprive us of war in the future. But he has done much in an educational way. Essentially a man of peace, he has succeeded in promulgating his doctrines. The nations all think arbitration is a good thing. The only barrier to the complete success of the work of the Interparliamentary Union is that the nations will not adopt the plan. With this slight exception, the labors of the Doctor and his associates have been very felicitous.

The Most Important Thing in the World

MEANTIME, while abolishing war in a broad and international sense, the Doctor has been steadily at work, in a Missouri sense, in the House of Representatives. He has been in Congress for fifteen years, has always been an efficient member of the Republican party, and has arrived at the distinction of being chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds. Thereby, he promotes peace as much as possible by making appropriations for post-offices and other public buildings for members who need that sort of peace in their districts in order to enable them to return to get more of it another term. The Doctor, while dispensing arbitration with one hand, dispenses pork with the other. He is a most popular member—until after his bill is reported. Then he needs an arbitration society for himself, for those chaps who get no buildings are warlike.

Doctor Bartholdt is a most genial and non-arbitrary person. He radiates peace and good will. He is not in favor, even, of allowing dogs to delight to bark and bite. He was born in Germany and came to this country as a boy. He has been a newspaper man all his life and a good one.

"Come," said the Doctor to a friend he met near the House restaurant—"Come and I will introduce you to the biggest brewer in St. Louis."

"Sorry, Doctor," said the friend, "but I am in a hurry. I haven't the time."

"This man, I said," the Doctor repeated, most impressively, "is the biggest brewer in St. Louis. Come; I shall introduce you."

"Really, Doctor, I haven't the time. I must run along."

The Doctor was stunned. He looked in amazement at his friend.

"Young man," he said finally, "will you please be so good as to tell me what you can possibly have to do that is more important than meeting the biggest brewer in St. Louis?"

Hit the Line Hard

WHEN the Duchess of Sutherland was in this country Ambassador Bryce took her to see President Roosevelt

The President was delighted, of course. They talked on a variety of subjects. At what she thought was the psychological moment the Duchess flashed an autograph-book and asked the President for his signature, telling the President the book contained the signatures of many of the crowned heads of the world.

The President took the book and turned the pages. It did contain many signatures of notable and royal men and women. He turned the leaves until he came to a page where the Emperor William, of Germany, had written his name.

The President sat down at his desk and wrote under the signature of the Kaiser, in a big, sprawly hand: "Hit the line hard! Theodore Roosevelt."

Coming and Going

WHEN the Honorable Charles Stewart, now of Oklahoma, was a United States Judge in the Indian Territory, a man named Childers, who was an attorney for one of the Indian tribes, came to him and said:

"Judge, you know the tribal law about stealing in our tribe."

"I do," said the Judge.

"You know when we catch a man stealing we whip him the first time and shoot him the second time."

"I do."

"Well, Judge, there's a powerful bad man named Jackson over our way. He went a few nights ago and stole two of the finest pigs you ever laid eyes on. Now, Judge ——"

"Yes," interposed Stewart.

"What I want to know is this: Can't I have that man Jackson whipped for stealing one pig and shot for stealing the other one?"

An Indiana Improvement

REPRESENTATIVE TAWNEY, chairman of the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives, came back from a trip to Panama and Cuba a time ago, and was telling Representative Landis, of Indiana, about what he had seen.

"I went around to see a game of jai alai," said Tawney. "It is a most exciting and interesting game."

"How do they play it?" asked Landis.

"Why," said Tawney, "they have long, narrow baskets that are strapped to their arms and they catch the ball in those baskets and hurl it against the wall. It requires much skill to catch the ball in the basket."

"Well," said Landis, "if we played that game out in Indiana we would use washtubs and take no chances."

The Hall of Fame

¶ F. B. Loomis, former Assistant Secretary of State and Minister to Venezuela and Portugal, who is to be the American commissioner to the Tokyo Exposition in 1913, worked for many years as an Associated Press correspondent.

¶ Representative Charles D. Carter, of Oklahoma, who is almost half Chickasaw and Cherokee, is, by common consent, the best-looking Indian the Capitol has seen, although Senator Robert Owen, who is some Indian himself and comes from the same State, is strong on looks, also.

Nailed down to sta

THE FLAVOR

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes "won its favor through its flavor" and it is holding it in the same way.

No other breakfast food ever put on the market gained such instant, wide-spread and permanent success.

Because no other breakfast food ever possessed a taste so delicious.

During the past year it was served for more than 240,000,000 breakfasts—and this figure will be greatly increased the coming year.

The great American Public has learned that Kellogg's is so different—so satisfying—so appetizing—so much better, that no number of schemes can separate the people from their favorite food.

They want the flavor—and they get it only in the genuine.

None genuine witho

W. K. K

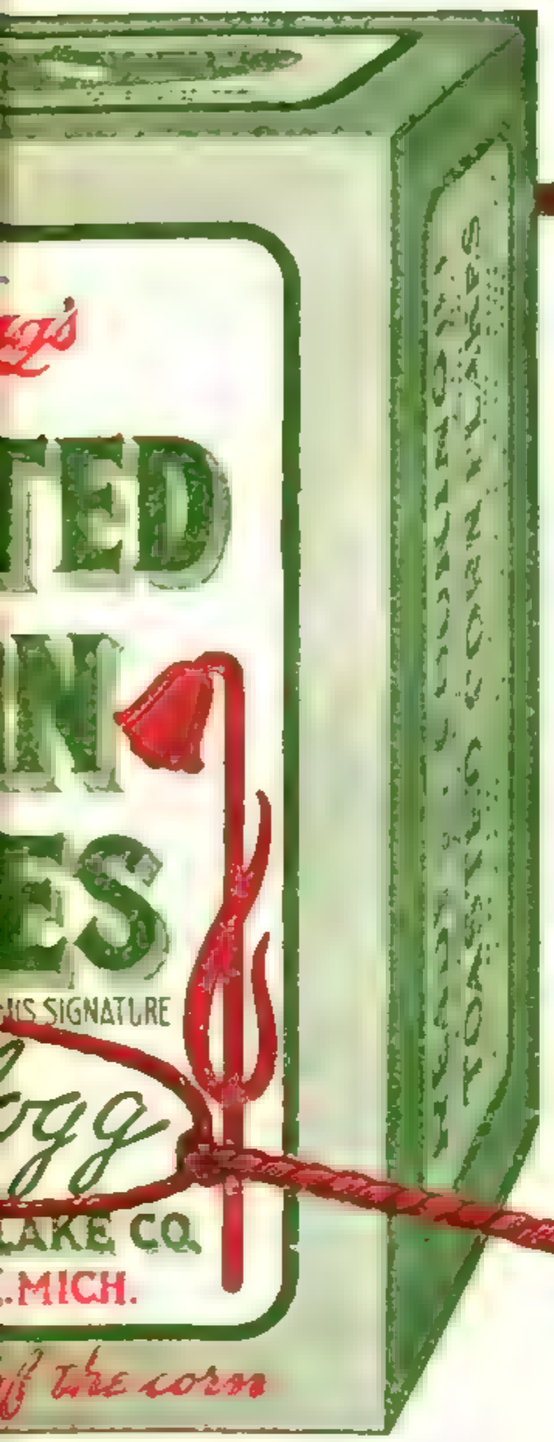
The above fac-simile signature is on each package of Kellogg's Toasted C protection. When you order look for this. It guarantees the genuine— be duplicated by any other food, by any other grain, by another make. A

Toasted Corn Flake Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Canadian Trade supplied exclusively by the

Battle Creek Toasted Corn Flake Co., Limited, London, Ontario.

ay down-and why



THE GENUINE

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes is not only best because it is the genuine—not only because it is the original flaked corn, but because it has the quality—the flavor.

Its phenomenal success brought imitators of course—hosts of them. That was only natural.

But the wonderful popularity of Kellogg's has proven that none of the imitators have even approached the all-around goodness of the genuine.

There is a secret in preparing Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes—a secret of toasting, blending and flaking "the Sweetheart of the Corn" that other manufacturers have never been able to solve.

That secret explains its flavor. It explains why Kellogg's—the genuine—retains its strong hold on the appetites of the Nation.

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ellogg

orn Flakes, for your
he kind that cannot
sk your Grocer.

AMERICAN vs. ENGLISH PRICES

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

IN ORDER that American housekeepers may get an idea of the comparative cost of the various food-stuffs at home and in England, I give a list—made this spring—of the London prices of a few household staples:

Of the really necessary provisions:

Sugar averages, per pound	$ .05
Tea of ordinary quality	.30 to .75
Household flour	.04
Kitchen soap (per bar)	.16
Rice	.03
Rice, best Carolina	.09
Currants and raisins	.12
Dried figs	.11 to .25
Jams	.11
Preserved fruits in glass bottles are of great variety and excellent quality from	.12 to .26
Best streaky bacon	.22
Real butter	.22 to .36
Eggs, ordinary "new laid," per dozen	.40 to .50
Bread	.04; large loaves, .06
Milk, mostly unfit for human use, per quart (At 10 a fair quality is served in sealed bottles, labeled "Nursery milk.")	.08

Meats are divided as English (largely American) and New Zealand (including Australian). The frozen New Zealand product is not so well flavored as the English, but the Australian is a much longer way behind, lacking salt and good grass feed. The mutton, originally bred for a wool-bearing value, is coarse and dry, besides showing considerable shrinkage in bulk after cooking.

The cheaper restaurants and many housekeepers find its lower price the great inducement.

"English" beef, sirloin cut, per pound	$ .25
Steaks, per pound	.31
Veal fillet cut, per pound	.31
Veal knuckle (for stock only), per pound	.16
Mutton legs, per pound	.23
Mutton forequarters, per pound	.17
Mutton cutlets, each	.09
New Zealand mutton cutlets, each	.07
New Zealand kidneys, each	.04
English kidneys, each	.06
Sweetbreads	.62

Game is rather less than in America. Pheasants at the height of the season can be had for 62 cents each; Ptarmigan (frozen Norwegian), 26 cents; golden plover, 35 cents; teal duck, 35 cents; Manchurian partridge, 36 cents; Bordeaux pigeons, 27 cents to 45 cents; frozen, 16 cents. The specially-fed six-weeks' squab pigeon is unknown. Young broiler chickens also are unknown as market delicacies. Chickens of suitable roasting quality are 28 cents per pound; turkeys also. Very fine young seven-pound specimens sell in December at $1.90.

In the Fish and Vegetable Market

Fish is kept well up in price, as the London market is practically controlled by one man. This gentleman constitutes a nice little trust all of his own. If the catches are above a certain tonnage the surplus is diverted to other uses or thrown overboard. Anyway, a uniform price is maintained among all the shopkeepers. Dover soles may vary during the season from 25 cents to 45 cents the pound, but every shop sells them at the same price on the same day. Whitebait, 25 to 35 cents a pint; fresh cod, 16 cents; whiting, 8 cents each; smelts, 25 to 62 cents a dozen, and so on

Among the vegetables and fruits:

Potatoes (old) are seven pounds for	$ .12
Cabbages (the ubiquitous), per pound	.02 to .04
Jerusalem artichokes, per pound	.04
Fresh green haricot beans	.25
Fresh French peas (January to March)	.16
Fresh string beans	.15
String beans, English hothouse-grown	.50
Celery (extremely poor), each	.06 to .08
Lettuce (extremely poor, November to March)	.04
Cos lettuce, hothouse-grown	.20
French artichokes	.08
Grapefruit	.08
Grapefruit, height of season,	6 for .25
Bananas (fine), per dozen	.24 to .36
Grapes, ordinary, per pound	.18 to .36
Grapes, fine, per pound	.50 to $1.25

Madeira and the south of France are the market gardens from which winter supplies are sent to London. The use of vegetable delicacies can hardly be considered general even among people of means. The common English conception of vegetables is potatoes and cabbage, cabbage and potatoes, and yet again cabbage, till one begins to suspect that all rural England is one vast cabbage patch, wherein was born that other English product, the "plain" cook.

Chiefs of departments have told me that it is largely due to the invading American that development of this market-garden industry is so conspicuous and comparatively sudden. Another factor, which may be taken with less prejudice, is the growing custom among people of many classes to dine at public restaurants. Every one of these employs a foreign staff and *chef de cuisine* who is teaching the English public what his confrère has been teaching Americans. Of the unadulterated English cook I find it difficult to speak with moderation. At her best she is ignorant of everything that may be termed Epicurean. In ordinary she has not the slightest economical foresight, she knows nothing of seasoning, she still frys her lamb chops, her puddings are mountains of suet dough—or trifle—and of the delicate arrangement of serving-dishes she has not the faintest notion. At her worst she is unspeakable; belonging to an age of Sairey Gampa. Her victims have the digestions of ostriches in that they eat and they stay alive. Wages are considerably lower than with us, but sufficient compensation for the quality of service in all departments: £22 a year, livery and washing of print dresses and aprons is a fair average estimate. What does need improving is the quality of their quarters. They have literally no inducements to be clean, everything is against them, and however immaculate a group of house servants may become after endless supervision they never know how soon another may be among them who is, though smart in appearance, a living nest of filth. The horrid import of those simple words in a recommendation, "she is perfectly clean," are hardly realized at first. If one has luck it may be not for a long time, and then suddenly the ghastly meaning is brought home to one and a creepy, loathsome chaos fills the housekeeper's little world. The greatest liability to personal uncleanness lies, of course, in the class of the irresponsible "General." And this brings me to another item of cost—traveling.

Cleanliness an Expensive Luxury

It is not merely suitable but necessary for particular persons to use first-class carriages and to avoid crowded public vehicles as far as their means will possibly permit. There are innumerable points from which one may come and go in London for a two-cent 'bus fare, and the "tuppenny tube" has a seductive turn in its euphonious name. In practice local traveling is not quite so trifling, however. For instance, from South Kensington to Holborn Viaduct, the locale of thousands of business men, a first-class return fare, with penny 'bus ride twice at the Kensington end, amounts to 20 cents. On long-distance railways the average first-class rate is three cents a mile. To be really clean is, I believe, the most expensive luxury in London, and one's sympathies are with the moderately well-off rather than for the very poor; they at least are not burdened with carpets, curtains, upholstered furniture, sofa-pillows, heavy table-covers, and all the other fixings that, in addition to outside clothing, have to be constantly sent to professional dry cleaners. One's own fireplaces and those of one's five million neighbors are not wholly responsible. Soft coal, which, by the way, costs $6.50 a ton for the cheapest practical quality, is a perpetual enemy, but its immemorial ally is a damp, heavy atmosphere. London is built upon a marsh. Add to this that there is rain nearly every day, and what wonder that house interiors and clothing become coated with something akin to plain, simple dirt.

Editor's Note—This is the second of Miss Ben-Yûsuf's two articles on the cost of living in London.

THE NEW FUEL

UNTIL very recently it has been impossible to buy in this country the special stoves, heaters and lamps suited for burning denatured alcohol. A New York company, said to be first in the field, opened a shop last December to sell such appliances. By New Year it was pleading for breathing space to take care of orders. Yet ninety per cent. of the apparatus it handles either comes direct from Germany or is manufactured here on German rights.

So this industrial alcohol problem begins, first of all, with the inventor. Ten years from now we may have pointed out to us certain affluent mechanical geniuses who, obscure and poor in 1908, had the acumen to get in on the ground floor with an alcohol stove or lamp.

Much Heat from Little Fuel

Again, the comparison of cost between a gallon of gasoline and one of denatured alcohol has misled a lot of good people who haven't looked into the matter further. In Germany this product is sold by the barrel at twenty-seven cents a gallon. In the United States it may be had wholesale for thirty-six, and the Whisky Trust is putting out gallon bottles of the new fuel under patented trade names at forty-five cents. If gasoline and alcohol were equal in heating value, gallon for gallon, the former would be cheaper. But they are *not* equal. The first feature of an alcohol stove or lamp that impresses the observer is the small size of its fuel reservoir. One of the German stoves, for instance, with two burners like those of a gas stove, is capable of cooking a meal, consuming only two-fifths of a pint of alcohol an hour. It will heat water and do other work of light character at the rate of one-sixth of a pint, bringing cost down to about a cent and a quarter an hour. One quart of alcohol in a special lamp gives a 150-candle incandescent light for twelve hours A 525-candle lamp burns sixteen hours with a gallon, lighting a large interior like a riding academy. Alcohol is intensely hot as a fuel, so that in a family of three persons all the cooking has been done for an entire month with three gallons, at a wholesale cost of $1.10, as against four dollars for the same work from anthracite coal.

Congress has thought of a bounty of fifteen cents on each gallon of this fuel produced by a farm distillery, as a means of helping the young industry cut its teeth. Theorists say that the wasteful methods of the American farmer stand in the way of development—that nothing can be done until he learns to be as thrifty as the German. Editors cry for a second Rockefeller to come along and build up the new industry as Standard was built up. And so forth.

The Internal Revenue Commissioner, however, puts his finger on a vital point when he says that appliances for burning denatured alcohol are not yet on sale in this country.

When the great American inventor shows the housewife that she can iron clothes in summer with a small self-heating sadiron, having a fuel reservoir attached, holding only a wineglass of alcohol, and burning less than a cent's worth of the juice an hour, there will be little need for a Rockefeller or a bounty. When that happens, many a young fellow in the country, instead of starting a creamery, will open up a distillery to handle corn-stalks on the cooperative plan.

And before that advanced stage of the industry is reached many another young man in this country—and woman too—is likely to grow comfortably well off as selling agent for denatured alcohol appliances.

From several standpoints this infant is healthy and worth watching.

Gentlemen of the theories, stand back from the cradle and give it air!

—*James H. Collins.*

"Here Comes The 'White Mountain' Ice Cream"

Even the babies know the difference. The most delicious frozen desserts are made a luxurious economy in any home by the famous Triple Motion

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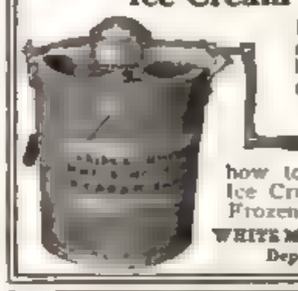

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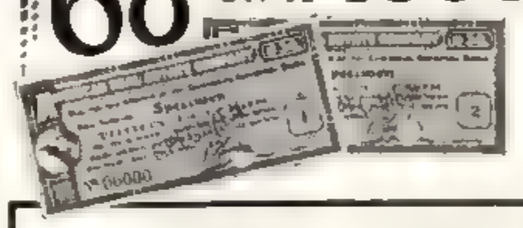

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SENSE AND NONSENSE

Schnapps' Patent Drum

A Little Farce in One Act

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

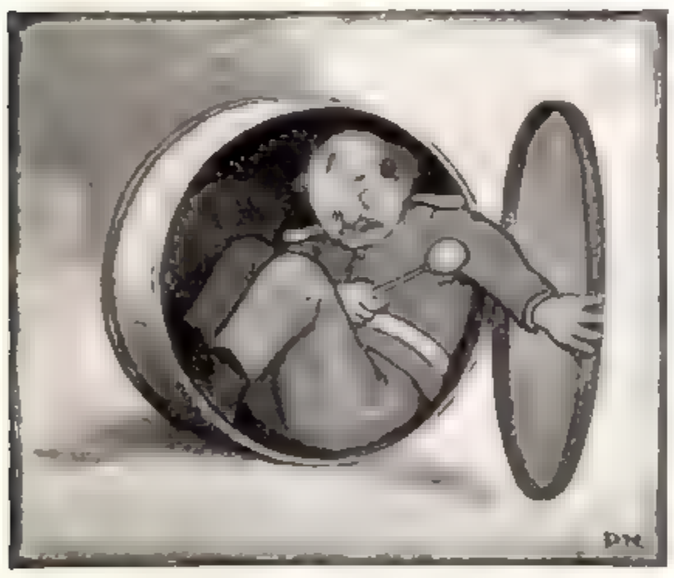
CHARACTERS:

HERR SCHNAPPS: A Street Musician.
MR. PINCHSKI: The Agent.
TIME: Present Till Further Notice.

SCENE—*Small room furnished on the installment plan. Stage empty at rise. Also the house. Enter* SCHNAPPS *carrying large bass-drum in front of him. Trips and falls, rolling over drum into centre of stage.*

"Did You Hear de Roll of de Drum!"

SCHNAPPS: Did you hear de roll of de drum! I belongs to a brass bandt an' I been out tryin' to drum up peezness. Peezness ain't been goodt since de pancake on Vall Sthreet. Alreadty de agent has been here t'ree times to gollegt his rent an' I don't vas haf de moneysh. If I don't can pay dot rent purty qvick he'll be firin' me into de sthreet out, an' I ain't got no fire insurance neder. Ha-ha! I can choke efen if I vas hardt up. Vell, I gooks my supper now. (Goes to drum and opens head, which is hinged and swings out as a door. Is about to take out some table supplies when he hears a heavy tread on the stairs.) Schimminy! Who iss dot? It iss de agent. I haf acqvaintance mit his sthep. Vot vill I do? My eschape is amputated py der door out. Ach, I vill hide me. (Seeks place in which to conceal himself.) Donnerwetter! Also teufel! It ain't no use; I can't sqveese myself into



"I Vill Hide Me in My Patent Drum"

de gracks of de floor, an' dot's about de exthent of my aggommodations. Py schingo! I haf a idee. I vill hide me in my patent drum. (Goes hurriedly to drum and crawls inside, closing head after him. A heavy rapping is heard on the door. This is repeated several times. The door is pushed open and Pinchski thrusts his head in.)

PINCHSKI: Hello, Schnapps. Not home, hey? (Enters.) By ginger! Schnapps, I've climbed these dizzy heights after that rent for about the last time. If I could git me hands on the Dutchman I'd take it out of his hide. Gr-r-r-r! (Upper cuts imaginary opponent.) I'll jist look around a bit an' see if there ain't some chattel I kin attach. It ain't exactly accordin' to the constitoo-tion of the Medes an' Persians but it would make 'im pony up. (Examines various articles critically.) Ain't enough securities in evidence to finance a hobo's savings-bank. Schnapps' worldly possessions seem to be about ez extensive ez a deceased millionaire's. Couldn't hock the hull outfit fer a pure food label, unless—Hello! what do me eyes behold—a drum? I'll levy on to the drum an' beat it—git out, I mean. If that don't make 'im hold up his hands I don't know what will. (Starts toward drum which, propelled by occupant, suddenly rolls to meet him, taking him off his feet.) Well, I'll be—what's got into the drum! I could take me oath that drum rolled torge me! I must have been mistaken—sure. Nuthin' ever comes my way. So-o, now! (Approaches drum cautiously. Business with drum is repeated, accompanied by tattoo beaten from inside.) I git right out o' here! The place is haunted! Wow! (Drum chases him out the door.)

CURTAIN

In the Legal Oven

IN THE days when Joseph Hodges Choate was a lawyer—which, of course, implies the days before he became a Peace Commissioner—a certain New York reporter, who is now reporting no more unless they run some sort of celestial gazette in Heaven, had to go to see him about a piece of news. It was a warm day in early June, but Mr. Choate had a big fire burning in the grate in his inner office.

As the interview was ending, the lawyer noticed his visitor's discomfort.

"Do you think it is warm here?" he inquired in mild surprise.

"Warm?" echoed the reporter, who had got his news and could now afford to be truthful. "It's as hot as an oven!"

"Indeed!" said Mr. Choate. "But then," he added, "it ought to be as hot as an oven, for, you see, I make my bread here."

The Gentle Art

WIT is not precisely the quality best calculated to make friends for a man, yet, though wit is one of the salient virtues of Thomas McKean, the author of The Master Influence and one or two other novels, his list of friends is long and loyal. Among them, however, is no longer numbered a distressingly dull acquaintance who hailed him a month or two ago when he was in a hurry to go elsewhere.

"Say, McKean," he began, "I want to consult you about a scheme of mine. I have a couple of ideas in my head——"

"Have you?" said McKean. "And you want my advice? Very well, my advice is: Keep them there. Keep them there, man—they may breed!"

In the Cloth

ONE day this spring the Rev. Dr. Alexander Mackay-Smith, who is Bishop-Coadjutor of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Pennsylvania, had occasion to speak to some clergymen on various intimate topics. Most intimate, perhaps, of all that he touched upon was that of the minister's marriage.

"I don't know why it is true," he complained, "but true it certainly is, that ours is the only learned profession wherein a man doesn't feel it incumbent upon himself to be sure of a satisfactory income before by marriage he increases his expenses and responsibilities. You all know this to be a fact, and yet none of you, I venture to say, can give a reason for it.

"I once put the problem before my dear and learned old friend, Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, but he only shook his venerable head.

"'I have never been able to answer that question,' he said. 'All I know is what you know; as soon as a man gets a surplice he wants a petticoat.'"

Not at Home

JOHN W. ALEXANDER, the portrait painter, and W. T. Smedley, the illustrator, several years ago had adjoining studios in Union Square, New York. Both were in Mr. Alexander's room one day when an individual entered and forthwith turned on the overpowering stream of talk with which the seasoned book-agent aims to bear down the first desperate protests of the hapless victim.

At the first onset Mr. Smedley fled, and at the door turned a pitying grin on Mr. Alexander, who replied with a menacing nod signifying his intention of getting even.

At the first opportunity the painter stemmed the tide of the canvasser's eloquence. "You have a remarkably fine set of books here," he said, "but it is not quite what I want. I am sure, however, that my friend Mr. Smedley will be much interested in this work, and, if you will just come along with me, I'll be pleased to take you in and introduce you," and he led him, chuckling, to Smedley's door.

His indiscreet gesture, however, had warned the illustrator of the intended treason. Across the door was tacked a big sheet of drawing-paper, bearing the freshly-painted legend:

GONE TO EUROPE
WILL BE BACK IN FOUR YEARS
W. T. S.

An Even Bout

YOU would never guess it, of course, but it's true, nevertheless. In spite of his name, Philander Chase Knox, former Attorney-General of the United States, and now Senator from Pennsylvania, with hopes of more to come, is an Irishman. He said so at a dinner on last St. Patrick's Day.

"What I admire most in the Irish character is the Irishman's tenacity," he said. "There never yet was an Irishman who gave up a fight before he was whipped, and there never yet was an Irishman who knew when he was whipped.

"Up in a Pennsylvania lumber-camp, for instance, one not very friendly son of St. Patrick happened to be carrying a log upon the edge of a steep incline, when he lost his footing and, with the log, started to fall downhill. Over and over he rolled, the log held fast in his embrace, and his friends above, fearing that he would be crushed, called out:

"'Drop it, Dennis! Let go the log!'

"Drop it, however, Dennis did not, and when his companions reached the foot of the hill they found him lying upon it, exhausted but smiling.

"'Confound it, Dennis,' they inquired, 'why didn't you let go the log?'

"'Phy didn't I?' responded Dennis. 'An' phy should I, now? It was a fair fight, an' wasn't I on top half the toime?'"

"I Git Right Out o' Here! The Place is Haunted!"

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45 Candle power, photometric test. No trimming; unaffected by drafts; cleaned once a year; cost about 1 cent per hour to operate.

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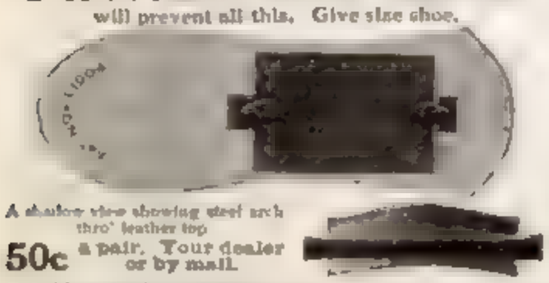

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Your Home

SUMMER PLANNING FOR SHRUB PLANTING

THERE are few more extraordinary things in history than that the fierce men of the opening years of the French Revolution, busied as they were with blood and extermination, should have had time to turn to the rearrangement of the calendar with really delightful regard for seasons and for Nature. There were Prairial, the pasture month, and Messidor, the month of harvest, Thermidor, the month of heat, Fructidor, the fruit month, and Vendémiaire, the month of vintage; there was Brumaire—and it is curious to think that the famous 18th Brumaire, on which the supremacy of Napoleon was established, was simply the 18th day of the month of fog; there were sleet month, snow month, wind month; and there was Germinal, the month of the sprouting of plants.

There was no definite month for planting, and that was not only because there were no more months to name but because, although there could be no doubt as to germinal coming in spring, the actual planting might be done at other times.

With deciduous shrubs, for example, fall is quite as good a time as spring for their setting out. It is as good a time, or perhaps even the best time, from the standpoint of the shrub's welfare, and it is a good time from the standpoint of convenience, for most people find it better to do as much as they can of their preliminary garden work in the fall; there is a comfortable feeling of forehandedness about it.

And, the fall being the best time for setting out shrubs, the long days of summer are the best for the consideration of just what to do—for the glory of the spring flowering is still in mind, and the summer bloom may everywhere be seen, and the fall-flowering shrubs are covered with their green glory and rapidly preparing to break into blossoms. All this may be seen on your own land if you are planning to improve it, or on your neighbor's if you haven't yet got your own well under way. In any case, it is better to study and observe and plan in the summer days than to wait till winter has made everything bare.

The Spring Moving Day

However, there are certain shrubs which it is better not to move until spring. Most evergreens are better set out in the spring, and this is true also of azaleas and rhododendrons. Some of the shrubs, too, whose flowers appear before their leaves, such as the dogwood, are better transplanted in the spring, as are also shrubs with spongy roots, such as the magnolia; but even with these it is better to do all of the planning and deciding in the summer, in conjunction with the planning of the rest.

Professional nurserymen are likely to say that any season is safe for the transplanting of shrubs; and they believe so because, if a sufficiently large ball of earth is taken up with the roots, the shrub is supposed not to know that it is moved and cannot, therefore, be affected. But the shrubs of the nurserymen have been regularly trenched back, so as to increase the fibrous root-growth near the centre; therefore the problem is far from being the same as with shrubs which have grown in Nature's free and easy way in your own grounds; and, also, the nurserymen know how to handle shrubs with technical skill.

So, unless you are sure, wait till fall; but you don't need to wait very far into the fall. You needn't wait, as some do, till the leaves have fallen. If the shrub has reached maturity any time in the fall is safe.

Probably it is not necessary to say that when the planting of a shrub is referred to it is "transplanting" that is meant, for no one waits for the slow development from seed, but at once sets out good-sized plants, whether bought from a dealer, or moved from one location to another in your own grounds, or obtained by subdivision of a large shrub.

But where to plant and what to plant!—that, after all, is the great question

A friend was showing us his lawn, on which was a multitude of shrubs. "Here," he said proudly, "is the golden bell, here is the dogwood, here is the snowball, here are retinospora, weigelia, Japanese quince,

The Howard Watch

"Whether working or recreating I am lost without my HOWARD watch," says a prominent Mining Engineer. "It is my time authority on everything from a Railroad to a roller chair."

Think of the technical men, the experts in all lines, who rely upon the HOWARD. The great achievements of the day are timed by it—from the big ditch at Panama to Peary's Arctic Expeditions. It is the watch of the men who do things.

The HOWARD probably does not weigh as much as the watch you now have in your pocket, or take up as much room. It is compact, workmanlike, finished

The HOWARD is always worth what you pay for it. The price of each watch—from the 17-jewel in a fine gold-filled case (guaranteed for 25 years) at $35; to the 23-jewel in a 14 K solid gold case at $150—is fixed at the factory, and a printed ticket attached.

It will pay you to find the HOWARD jeweler in your locality. He is a good man to know.

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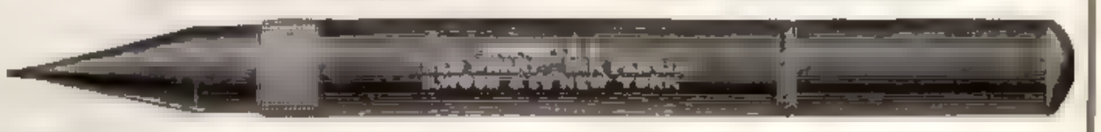

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Manheim Mendless Socks

last so long because they are not only made from extra-quality yarn, but doubly re-enforced at toes and heels—where the hardest wear comes.

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If your dealer hasn't Manheim Mendless Socks, don't accept substitutes. Send us $1, state size and color desired—and we will send you 6 pairs prepaid.

Manheim Hosiery Mills
Manheim, Pa.

References: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.

Collar Button Insurance

means that if a

Krementz Collar Button

is broken or damaged from any cause, you can take it to the nearest dealer who is authorized to exchange it for a new one

Free of Cost

We insure all Krementz Buttons because they are so well made that not one in ten thousand ever breaks. Solid gold and rolled plate, at all dealers. Send for Booklet "Story of Collar Button."

Krementz & Co., 40 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

VINELAND GRAPE JUICE
"From the Land of the Vine"

Have it always in the home. Serve it to your friends. It is delicious, refreshing, wholesome. All the rich flavor and food value of grapes.

Ask your grocer, druggist, soda fountains, etc. If your dealer will not supply you we will ship direct, paying delivery charges. 1 dozen quarts, $3.50; 1 dozen pints, $3.00.

A GRAPE-VINE FREE Mail us trade cap from Vineland Grape Juice bottle—any size—and we will send free, a cutting of the famous Ives grape from which is made the best Grape Juice in the world. Grown on our own property, the Ives grape was established by Experimental Vineyard of the United States Government, in charge of government experts.

Vineland Grape Juice Co., 214 W. Blvd., Vineland, N. J.

"The Beauty of the Arbor" - an interesting booklet mailed free.

mock orange, deutzia"; and thus he went on, pointing out a wide variety of beautiful things.

And yet, the general appearance of the lawn was one of complete disappointment. Fine though the shrubs were individually, they gave an appearance of positive ugliness where he had placed them. For that lawn was just spotted, as if the things had been tossed at random to grow up where they fell. It seemed to be merely a lawn infested with shrubs.

It was a striking object-lesson on the evils of promiscuous planting. There were beautiful things quite wasted merely because there had not been given to their arrangement anything like the time and attention which the same man would give to the arrangement of furniture in a room or his wife to the arrangement of a dinner table. Yet those shrubs were expected to stand there to be looked at permanently, and the owner, incomprehensible though it seemed, was proud and pleased—merely because he had stuck in the ground a plethora of green things at unattractive random.

The first rule in setting out your shrubs is not to spoil your lawn with them. It is not that you necessarily love shrubs less or grass more. You may love them equally. But the shrubs ought to be so arranged, around the grass, or against the sides of it, or close to the house, in lines or masses, or in some cases isolated, as to leave the full sweep of lawn undisturbed.

In fact, it should be understood from the beginning that, no matter how small your place, or how large, you need the combined effect of lawn and shrub and tree.

Foolish Fashions in Shrubs

Approach the whole subject with openness of judgment. Don't put in a shrub just because it is the fashion of the year. There are changing fashions in shrubs as there are in clothes and house-furnishings, but don't let fashion move you in this matter of setting out things that ought to last for many years.

At the same time, while putting in only what is the best-looking, be equally ready to alter the position of anything or to cut down anything. Don't be too ready with the "Why cumbereth this the ground?" idea, but, if you really think a shrub unattractive, don't let it continue to cumber, but use the axe; if it is wrongly placed use the spade.

Don't be eager to change for change's sake, but don't be afraid to change if good looks demand it. And this doesn't mean fussiness or recklessness or anything at all except that you are aiming at the best and are hitching your garden chariot to a star.

With personal judgment and with individuality set about the arrangement of the land around your house. And, of course, the judgment should be based on study and observation; and, of course, the individuality should lead a man to make his grounds his own and not just a copy of something he has seen.

And, if you have learned something this year that you didn't know last year, don't be afraid to act on your new knowledge. Remember the wise man, who, taunted with changing his mind, replied calmly that he was glad to think he was wiser today than yesterday.

Now, in beginning, there are two important things to remember. The first is that the prevailing color of your shrubbery should be green, and the second is that the general effect should be American.

It should be green, because that is Nature's basic and prevailing color, and the most effective mass color for plants and shrubs. Yet this is not to say that there should not be brilliant displays of other colors, for there may be. There may be golden-tipped evergreens, or small copper beeches, or maroon Japanese maples, or rose-pink Judases, or purplish *Prunus Pissardis*, or lavender lilacs, or carmine spiraeas; but a mass of shrubbery of such colors alone would be highly disagreeable. Colors should be subsidiary to the general effect. One should not try for a rainbow glow.

And that the general effect should be American ought to be self-evident. Have an American-looking garden! Have it look as if it belongs here!

At the same time, it is not feasible to bar every plant that is not indigenous, for that would bar a host of what have come to be looked upon as among our best American growths.

"I wear "Setsnug Mesh"

MADE ON SCOTT & WILLIAMS MACHINES

"—because it's the coolest, best-feeling underwear made;—and because it wears so well.

"It keeps your skin fresh and dry and comfortable, no matter what the weather is. It doesn't stick to you nor pull when you move about.

"What's the use being miserable all summer in hot, close-knit balbriggan?

"*Setsnug* garments are made in all styles for men and women and are beautifully finished and trimmed. The fabric is made of the best combed yarn, knitted on the Scott & Williams machine which does not strain the thread. No other machine can make this elastic and durable fabric."

The *Setsnug* women's garments do not bunch nor pucker around the hips. The patent flaps hold in place without a fold or a wrinkle. The *Setsnug* waist-band slims the waist-line—just the thing for the new fashionable long-waist figure.

Don't be fooled. Look for the *Setsnug* label (shown above) on the neck-band or waist-band of every garment. Insist on seeing it. If your dealer won't supply you write us and we will see that you are supplied. Ask for the little booklet. Worth sending for.

AVALON KNITWEAR CO., 350 Broadway, New York.

50 cents and up per garment.

Abandon All Prejudice Regarding

Golf Balls

Please look the facts in the face.

A rubber-cored ball will gash, as you know. And a gashed ball cannot fly true.

But you can't cut or gash a 1908 Red Cross Pneumatic.

Not another ball made can be driven so far.

Not another responds so quickly to the iron, nor stays so well where it is placed.

It insures consistent playing.

Permits absolute accuracy on the putting green, as the ball hugs the ground. It doesn't jump.

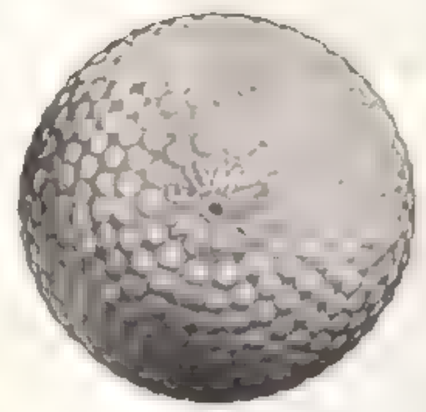
Famous for deadness of putt.

Positively the only ball that combines liveliness on the drive with steadiness on the approach.

These facts are all due to the pneumatic construction.

Yet the Red Cross is, by far, the most economical ball, because the most durable.

The best golfers everywhere are fast giving preference to these Pneumatic balls.



Soon or late you will do so. Won't you please prove them now?

Two Balls Free

If our claims are not justified.

Get a dozen from your dealer, or from us direct. (Price $7.00, express prepaid.) Use two of them.

Then, if you don't find them the best balls you ever used, return the balance in the original box, and we'll return the $7.00.

Cut Out This Coupon Now

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.,
Akron, Ohio.

Enclosed find $7.00 for which send to me, express prepaid, one dozen Red Cross Balls under your guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

State in bottom space if we shall send you Free a handy Golfer's Score Book. P

Everybody Wants
The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe
Moisture Proof Sole. A postal brings the Illustrated Catalogue, telling the whole story.
THE CUMMINGS CO., Dept. "V"
406 Washington Street, Boston.

Makes and burns its own gas and produces a pure white light, more than 10 times the power of any oil lamp. No wicks, chimneys, dirt, grease or odor.

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Lighted instantly. Over 200 styles. Agents wanted. Write for catalog.

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Guaranteed Typewriter Supplies Carbon paper, ribbons, etc., for all machines. Carbon paper, 1 for $1.00; 2 or 3 for $1.25. Cornell guaranteed carbon paper. Per Sale, Black or Purple, size to 8½x13, $1.00 per 100 sheets. Any dollar's worth guaranteed to satisfy you or your money refunded.
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Highest Grade Work. Reasonable Prices. Enlargements and Copies a specialty. Splendid Agency Proposition for Ladies or Gentlemen. 2 cts. for particulars.
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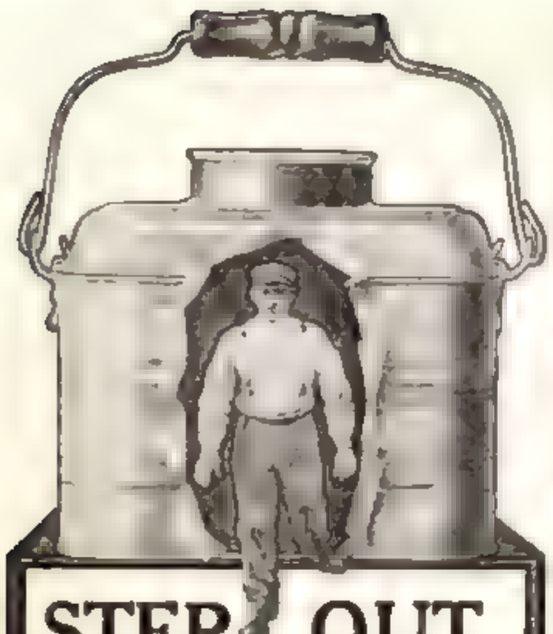

STEP OUT
of the
Dinner-Pail Class

This applies to ***YOU***. You may be carrying a dinner-pail, but if you are not satisfied, you are no better off than the man who does. ***STEP OUT!***

Here's your chance to step out of the dinner-pail class [illegible] Mark the coupon opposite the [illegible] ***advise*** you. There's no charge for this information.

Thousands of men have through the help of the International Correspondence Schools, stepped into higher salaries and more congenial work.

The I. C. S. offers ***you*** the same chance. All that is required of you is the ability to read and write. Your only excuse is lack of spare time, which can be overcome by using your evenings. It matters not what you do or where you live.

During March **424** students ***voluntarily*** reported salary increases and promotions secured wholly through I. C. S. training.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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Our 40 page book "THE STORY OF BANKING BY MAIL" describing our system of handling out of town accounts and telling why we pay 4 PER CENT INTEREST will be sent free on request. Send for book A.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

CAPITAL & SURPLUS $8,000,000

JUDSON Freight Forwarding Co.

Reduced rates [illegible]

One of the very finest of American shrubs is the forsythia, for it comes early and its bloom is of rare and charming beauty and color. Yet it is a Chinese shrub, and its name is from that of a Scotch gardener. None the less, it is distinctively American in appearance, and that is a rule to follow: have shrubs which harmonize, shrubs which seem fitting, shrubs which are not "freaky" or bizarre. Take with caution shrubs from other lands, and aim at those from lands of a similar climate to our own.

There are several kinds of forsythia, and perhaps the best is the *Fortunei*. Set out interspersedly in a long line of shrubbery, it charmingly lightens the whole row in the early spring with its soft and delicate yellow glow; but it may be grown as a bush by itself, and there comes to mind, as we write, the golden glory of a mass twenty feet in diameter.

Young forsythias, from two to three years old, cost from twenty to forty cents apiece, or much less by the dozen.

The Charmer of Our Woods

From the American-looking forsythia we turn to a shrub that is really American—the dogwood; and this is perhaps the most admirable of any of the shrubs, for its white flowers are splendidly effective, and its foliage lies in stratified masses, and the delightfully irregular shape of the shrub is an added attraction, as irregularity so often is, like the crooked smile of a Barrie heroine. In the fall the bronze-red of its leaves is superb.

The dogwood is the principal charm of American woodland in the spring, and if you haven't any of it on your place you ought to go into the woods and dig some up, or if this is perhaps not feasible buy some of a nurseryman. The plants will likely cost about fifty cents for single, well-grown specimens.

Another of the shrubs notable for the color of their leaves in the fall is the andromeda; it blossoms in July, which is an important advantage, for July and August are months in which there are not so many blossoming shrubs as there are earlier and later. The andromeda flowers are large and white.

Like the dogwood, the andromeda is indigenous to this continent, and was one of the many American shrubs that were sent over for English observation and admiration in the early days. For one of the pleasantest features of early Colonial life was the interchange of plants of all kinds between America and England, and not a ship crossed the ocean, from either side, without sundry packages of seeds, sundry bulbs, sundry plants and trees. A favorite way was to ship young trees in hogsheads. England profited by flowers and shrubs and trees from the new land of America, and America profited by those from settled England. And if, nowadays, we get some from Japan—so long as they are fitting and fine and are not "freak" or weird—it is really but a continuance of the profitable intercourse between continents.

And there is more than this. It is chastening to Americans to realize that our best rhododendrons—they being a shrub indigenous here—are those which are sent abroad for cultivation and grafting and then returned to us. The Colorado blue spruce, most prized among decorative evergreens, is now grown in France for shipment to America. Our indigenous laurel, difficult to transplant from its mountain habitat, is so cultivated in England as to be shipped here as a transplantable commodity. Nor are such things explainable by cheapness of foreign labor. That is but part of it. It is principally because we cannot lightly acquire, on this side of the Atlantic, the skill which goes with environment and which is the inheritance of centuries.

When purchasing shrubs which have come from Holland or France or England, learn whether or not they have been acclimated. But, if you buy an acclimated shrub, it is supposed to have spent at least a year in an American nursery, and it commands a higher price for having weathered a season in its new climate.

Mere "heeling in" at the nursery—putting the roots under cover of soil—does not entitle a foreign-grown plant to be termed acclimated. It should be unwrapped and planted and allowed to grow for a year or more before being offered for sale.

Should your newly-purchased box, azaleas, rhododendrons or bays, sold as

AMERICA NEEDS BUSINESS PARTNERS

Each of These Men Has Praised the Methods and the Work of

Peirce School
Philadelphia

Each loomed large in his day. All have been the men "in the firm"—partners with Uncle Sam in the biggest, grandest country in the world.

When a young man is "admitted to the firm," he experiences his first sense of proprietorship. He is working for himself—he has gained the end toward which he has been striving.

[illegible] Among the world over are watching [illegible] America is reaching out to-day [illegible]

Ask yourself this question: Am I prepared to fill the post when the opportunity presents itself?

Peirce School Prepares Young Men and Women for Positions of Trust in Business

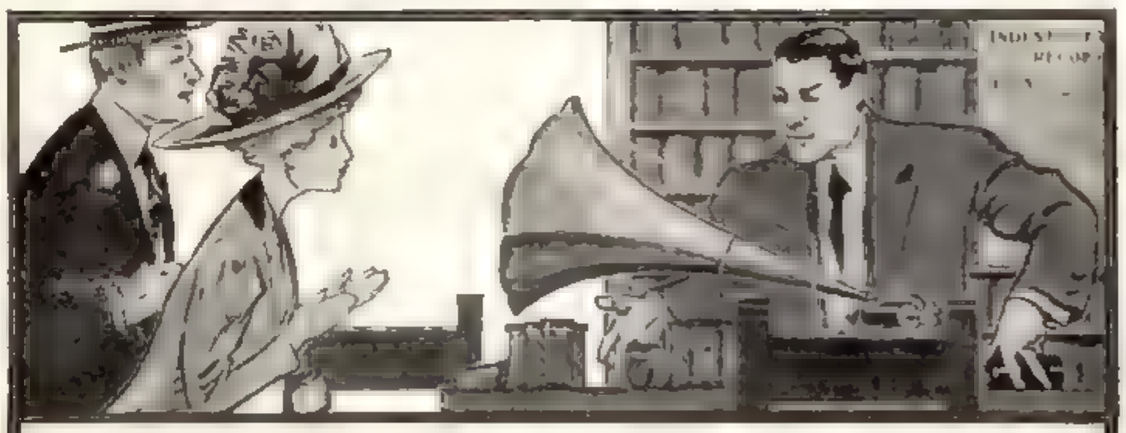
[illegible] combines a general education with [illegible] adapted to [illegible] Not a system of [illegible] but a system of [illegible] keeping students [illegible] object the [illegible] of the [illegible] keeping students are received [illegible]

Peirce School Develops Initiative

[illegible] Peirce graduates are found all over the world in [illegible] Here are the head clerks [illegible] where [illegible] the [illegible] for [illegible] test exercises the pupils.

We [illegible] and [illegible] graduates.

PEIRCE SCHOOL
Record Building Philadelphia
L. B. MOFFETT, Director



Indestructible Records for July

[illegible] "That's Why I Never Married"

ASK YOUR PHONOGRAPH DEALER TO PLAY FOR YOU THE JULY SELECTIONS

Notice the full, round volume of sound,—the superior quality of tone,—and the truthfulness of reproduction. Just these three qualities sum up the musical value of phonograph records. Indestructible Records fit any standard size cylinder phonograph,—they will not break,—they will not wear out,—they can be used in any climate.

ANY INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORD ANYWHERE IN THE U. S. **35 cents each**

Ask [illegible] the new "INDESTRUCTIBLE" REPRODUCER with [illegible] genuine sapphire point. Ask him about our liberal offer.

For full information and illustrated booklet address Inquiry Department

INDESTRUCTIBLE PHONOGRAPHIC RECORD CO.
ALBANY, NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Tone Quality **35c** Durability

INDESTRUCTIBLE RECORDS

Volume of Sound **35c** Economy

YOUR DEALER OUGHT TO HAVE THEM—IF HE HAS NOT—WRITE TO US

The first Derby made in America was a

C & K

Hats for Men

KNAPP-FELT hats supply the proper note of formality on many summer occasions. A light-weight derby or mellow soft hat is frequently a welcome change from the unconventional straw.

Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felts are Four Dollars—everywhere.

Write for THE HATMAN.

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

"You don't tell me that's a Spongeable Linen

Collar? It looks for the world like real linen." "Yes, I sponge it myself and wear it every day. It is the only water-proof collar I ever saw that looks as good as linen. I wore it to a banquet."

Collars and cuffs of all sizes and styles can be had by addressing the

Spongeable Linen Collar Co.
444 Bradford Block, Cincinnati, Ohio
Send 25c stating size and style. (Cuffs 50c.) Style book sent free

Studebaker

Electric Cars

The most economical conveyances for city and suburban use.

The Studebaker Electric takes the place of the horse, does the work of the horse more effectively, and while costing less to maintain renders greater and more satisfactory service

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Write for folder and prices

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILE CO.
Main Factory, South Bend, Ind.
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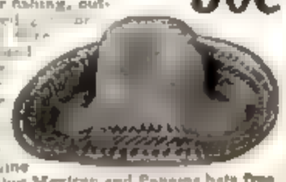
$1.00 Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c

A comfortable, durable hat for fishing, outings and gardening. Guaranteed [illegible]



SPECIAL OFFER [illegible]

[illegible] with a nice specimen of Genuine Matrix Turquoise free. Art catalog Mexican and Panama hats free.

THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. B 6, Mesilla Park, N. M.

"DAEMO" DRAWER-SUPPORTERS
Size ½ x ⅛ in. Snap on or off instantly. Can't unfasten can't tear. Satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded if returned in 10 days. 2 nickel plated 25c., 2 gold plated 35c. At haberdashers, or, postpaid on receipt of price. Agents wanted.
D. E. CLAMP CO., Met. Bldg., New York City

acclimated, reach you with the roots covered with a hard ball of earth from "podder" land still sewed close within its tight-fitting piece of sacking, you may feel sure that it has not been acclimated.

As to the correctness of labels on foreign importations, there is no reason for doubt when the shrub is bought from a dealer of standing. Fortunately botanical nomenclature is universal.

And because you find a Japanese shrub tagged with a narrow bit of cheesecloth upon which is printed in plain black capitals, and with no Asiatic hieroglyphics, some such legend as "Thuya obtusa nana," do not rashly conclude, from the letters, that there ought also to be the legend of "Made in America," for it is only that the clever Japs have adopted our lettering and also the general scientific names in things botanic. And such a cheesecloth tag is an object-lesson to all American nurserymen who fasten tags with bark-cutting wire.

Yet we need not think the Japanese altogether perfect, for they cheerfully ship cargoes of dwarf trees, "at least two hundred years old," when in reality the trees may have taken only two years, without the hundred, for the wily little men to produce.

Now, we do not say that there are not aged dwarf trees, and that they may not be even older than two centuries. But it is none the less true that the making of aged dwarfs is a very practical business. For example, a hole is cut out in a grapefruit, an acorn is put in the hole and the fruit is tightly bound. A mighty oak begins to sprout from the little acorn, but in the acrid and compressed quarters it sprouts as a weazened, gnarled, distorted, tiny thing which in two years is marketable as a product of centuries. "In ways that are dark and in tricks that are vain" the heathen Chinee is no longer peculiar, but must divide honors with his island rivals.

There are so many admirable shrubs that it is impossible to name more than a small proportion. And there are different ways of studying and classifying them before deciding where they should be planted.

For shrubs may be classified with regard to time of flowering, or general appearance throughout the year, or color of blossoms. As a matter of fact, all these things are taken into consideration in wise planning as to where and what to plant.

Among "freak" trees, better avoided than planted, is the *Catalpa Bungeii*, an umbrella-like growth made by the grafting of a low shrub on a tall stalk. Look closely and you will be interested to see the grafting marks; either those of the "split" graft, or the "saddle" graft, with its dromedary-like hunch.

To Line Formal Avenues

In spite of its undesirable character for ordinary use, the *Catalpa Bungeii* may be used admirably to line a formal avenue instead of bay trees or oleanders, for it is not only vastly less expensive than bays (a matched pair of which will cost from twelve to twenty-eight dollars), but it does not need to be sheltered, as bays do, during the winter months. Another shrub for a formal path is the privet clipped to a ball head, and a pair, ten years old, three feet through the head, and say four feet high, costs about five dollars. A privet retains its leaves for nine months of the year. But for formal avenues the greater height of the *Catalpa Bungeii* is an advantage, for it offers shade to those walking under them.

The Kilmarnock willow is, like the *Catalpa Bungeii*, a "constructed" tree, as is also the "weeping" mulberry. In fact, it is a hobby of many nurserymen to do such work, and with others it is a hobby to hybridize until weird growths are secured. There are, however, some weird-looking shrubs which are entirely natural, and among these is the Judas tree, which, although called a tree, is only a shrub in this latitude.

The Judas tree is of strange and anomalous appearance, each branch looking, in blossoming time, as if covered with oozing raspberry ice. It has its name from an ancient legend assigning it as the tree connected with the death of Judas.

The old-fashioned lilac is a distinctively homelike shrub. It harmonizes with poor or rich surroundings and looks well in either an old-fashioned garden or a modern one. Of several kinds, the old purple the *Syringa vulgaris*—is the most familiar.

IN the whole decorative scheme nothing is so attractive as wood finished in one of our many soft colorings, so that the beautiful and irregular markings that Nature has produced are fully developed instead of obscured.

You can obtain these results with

"Bridgeport Standard" Wood Finishing Products

on every variety of wood, hard or soft, inexpensive or costly. You can get really exquisite effects on ordinary pine and cypress.

"Bridgeport Standard" Wood Finishing Products have easily stood at the "top notch" during the forty years they have been on the market. They have won the preference of leading architects and painters everywhere.

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Our book, "Modern Wood Finishing" shows finishes in actual colors and is a valuable compendium on the wood finishing subject. Write or simply tear out this ad, get the your name and address on the margin, and send it to us.

Accidental Discharge is Impossible with the New "Safety-Built"

HOPKINS & ALLEN Safety Police

As safe as it is sure.

38 cal. 3½ inch barrel, or 32 cal. 3 inch barrel.

"The Kind Policemen Carry"

THIS revolver is not "made safe" by mere safety devices—its basic construction absolutely guarantees safety.

UNTIL the trigger is pulled, the hammer of the "SAFETY POLICE" is entirely out of the danger zone—always above the firing-pin—resting against a solid wall of metal.

THE hammer is never in line with the firing-pin, as in other revolvers. Until you pull the trigger it is as safe loaded as it is when empty. It can't go off until you actually pull the trigger.

The Hopkins & Allen Safety Police is the one real safety revolver.

SENT DIRECT FROM FACTORY AT THIS PRICE by registered mail, postpaid, if your dealer does not keep it. $7.50

Our Catalogue and Gun Guide for 1908 Sent Free. Send [illegible] and may give a complete description of all Safety Police revolvers, but also gives useful information about firearms, the care of them. Illustrates, describes our entire line of revolvers, rifles and shotguns.

32 or 38 Cal.	
4 in. barrel,	$8.00
5 "	8.50
6 "	9.00

Blued Finish. Nickel extra

THE HOPKINS & ALLEN ARMS CO
15 Chestnut Street, - Norwich, Conn.

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For Health, Strength and Endurance

Send for my 64-page illustrated book

Lung and Muscle Culture

the most instructive treatise ever published on the vital subject of Deep Breathing—Correct and Incorrect Breathing clearly described with diagrams and illustrations.

The information given in this book has led thousands into the correct path to health and strength. Over 200,000 already sold. Sent on receipt of 10c. (stamps or coin). Address

PAUL VON BOECKMANN, Respiratory Specialist,
1367 Terminal Building, 103 Park Ave., New York

My new catalog No. 21 showing Flags in colors and illustrating every necessity for outfitting

Motor Boats and Yachts

sent Free. Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.
HOPKINS, 110 Chambers Street, New York

TYPEWRITERS

All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on [illegible] with privilege of examination. Write for [illegible]
Typewriter Emporium, 92-96 Lake St., Chicago

6% Land Secured Bonds

at par in sums of $100, $500 and $1,000. In [illegible] Trust & Savings Bank, Chicago, issued by the

Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co.

Mortgages on lands lying [illegible] Denver are deposited with the [illegible] bank as collateral security to the bonds to the amount of $5,000,000. Assessable property of the Company estimated worth

SECURITY UNDER THE BONDS **Two to Three Million Dollars**

Consisting of Canals, Reservoirs, Sites, Water Rights, etc.

Trowbridge & Niver Co.

Municipal Bonds

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Fill out and return this slip to-day

TROWBRIDGE & NIVER CO 1
First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.
Please send detailed description of 6% Denver Reservoir Irrigation Co. Bonds.

Name

City State

The Right Investment for a Prudent Man

If you demand a wide margin of security, coupled with certainty of interest payments, investigate the bonds of the Parsons Water Supply and Power Company at once. Tangible assets far exceed indebtedness and interest charges amply secured by assured earnings. Sixteen years of profitable operation guarantee it

For ample safety—

Here's a 6% Gold Bond

[illegible] will meet your requirement. We regard this, on personal knowledge and [illegible], as [illegible] 107 and accrued interest, for prudent investment. The [illegible] proceeds [illegible] Only $[illegible] are offered and [illegible]

Write today for full information.

The Kimball Investment Co.
1806½ Main Street, Parsons, Kansas

[illegible]

IF YOU WANT A PIPE

to carry without spilling the ashes or tobacco, lighted or unlighted, in your vest, trousers or coat pocket, to smoke in an auto, while playing golf, on a boat, in a high wind, *or anywhere*, buy the

Peach Pipe

Steel swings over bowl making a cover, so cover is [illegible] when pipe is [illegible]. Wind [illegible] ashes from setting fire to [illegible] of tobacco's loss. Made of genuine [illegible] and has solid [illegible] Ask your dealer for it or

Send $1.00 to Leavitt & Peirce
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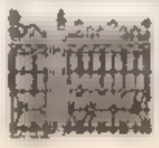

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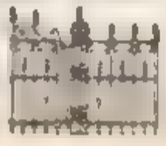

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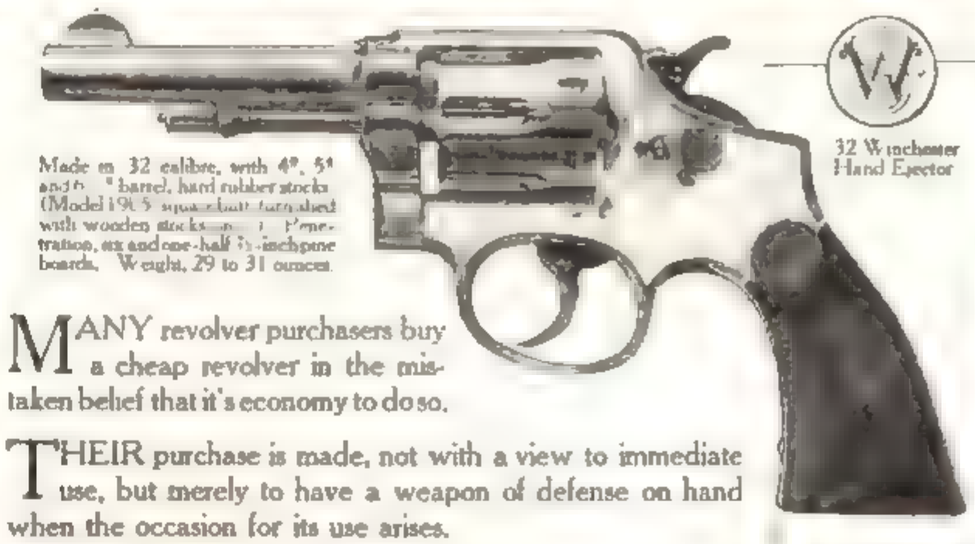

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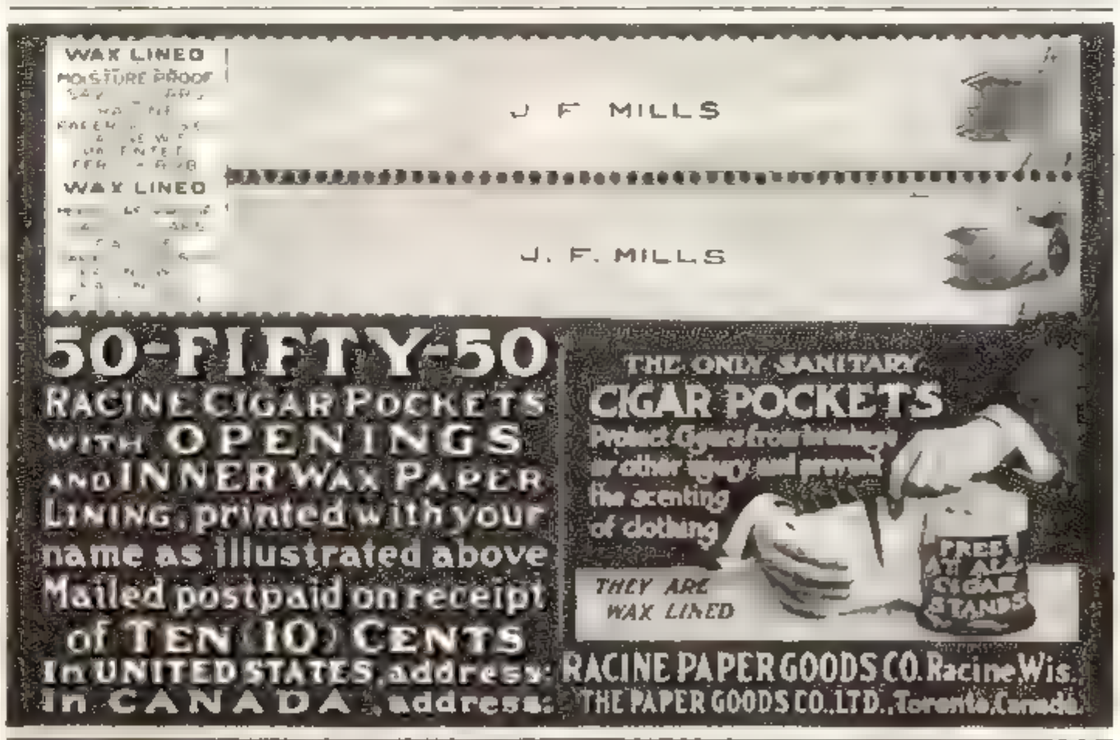
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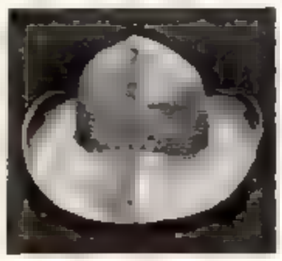

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CAPTAIN LAMBERT'S LUCK

(Continued from Page 8

showed up a scant mile away; her course unaltered, she pointed straight out to sea, a thin ribbon of smoke tailing off behind her.

About here the Empress should have turned had she been going to Norfolk. "I thought so; he's on to me now," exclaimed Lambert: for the dense black smoke began to pour from the Cygnet's tall funnel.

"He was watching you shift those barges; he paid no attention to your distress signal, and now you are right in his wake," laughed Scudder. "He's a foxy one; going to hit it up, too. That bunch will run from anything that looks suspicious."

Lambert turned to the voice tube. "Mr Graff, put on the passover and give her all she'll take."

With the live steam passing over directly into the secondary cylinder of her engine the Empress tore and smashed ahead, her sharp stem splitting the incoming swells like a knife. Manning and the whole crew, save the stokers, were lined up below; their wondering, expectant eyes now on the pilot-house above, then on the Cygnet.

Gradually the details of her superstructure, rigging and the figures at her stern rail slid into unaided vision. Even to a landsman's eye the Cygnet appeared unusual. To the knowing, critical eye she was something of a freak, because of the many stays running up from all sides to her tall stack. Abaft her abnormally raised hatches was perched a "house" that looked not much larger than a water bucket by comparison; while she was bunched up forward of her waist like a hunchback.

"When ought she to change her course—for Hatteras?" Scudder asked eagerly, for the Empress began to pound as the waters became heavier and rougher each moment.

"She's east, nor'east now; she ought to go south, sou'east, out there by the whistling buoy. That must be your big nigger, and I reckon that's McPhitter standing by him," Lambert added, handing the glasses to Scudder.

"There she goes now—ah!" he muttered.

Lambert snatched the glasses from the man's shaking hands. "She's losing steerage! What the ——"

The Cygnet swung square around at right angles to her previous course; back a point or two, then around again, rolling heavily. Suddenly her tall stack began to sway curiously, uncertainly—then it toppled over

"Look," shouted Manning from below. "She's rolled the stack clean off her."

Lambert turned calmly to the voice tube. "Slow down a bit, Mr. Graff—about half speed'll do, I reckon—and stand by. Don't want to get too close—yet," he added to himself.

The tremendous crash athwart the Cygnet's deck brought every man—stokers and all—scurrying up like rats out of a flooded sewer. Two lifeboats presently slid down from the starboard davits. They soon filled with men and started for the Empress. Suddenly they changed their direction and bore away straight for the distant pilot ships. A third boat shot out behind on the port side and followed the others.

To those aboard the tug the Cygnet, rolling helplessly in the long swells, presented a sickening, terrifying spectacle—although she was in no immediate danger, so far as they could see.

The stack in falling had pulled out every bolt in the round plate that held it to the deck—exactly as a falling tree uproots itself; the other end of the long funnel was buckled diagonally across the starboard rail like a piece of empty rubber hose. Through the gaping hole in the deck dense volumes of black smoke, from the newly-fed furnaces, poured out and over her upper works, down this way and that as the slow wind took it The feed pipe, leading up to the siren, had come away with the stack, broken short off below deck And straight up, through the black, shifting pall, a tall, white jet of steam shot into the air, gradually emptying her boilers It was no wonder that panic utter and uncontrollable—had taken hold of the crew. In the midst of it all stood McPhitter, yelling madly, gesticulating after the deserters.

Up in the bow of the Empress, one hand upon the flag-pole, Lambert hailed through the megaphone. "Why don't you come off that boat? Are you crazy?" Even as he spoke the vessel slid away into the trough of the sea, and fetched up with a quiver—listed to starboard. Her cargo shifted, the situation changed instantly

"Take me and my nigger off her, quick!" shrieked the half-demented skipper

"Get those starboard fenders over," Lambert ordered, on the run up to the pilot-house. "Keep that red head of yours out of sight," he added to Scudder, and took the wheel from Manning.

It was delicate, dangerous work to get close enough to the rolling vessel for the two men to come off. McPhitter came first. When half-way down the rope ladder the gigantic Barbados negro—rings in his ears and a red handkerchief about his head—lowered a heavily-weighted blanket, tied securely about the ends. It swung from McPhitter's hand over into the bow of the Empress with a dull clink. A second one followed. The fenders of the plunging tug scraped alongside. The two men sprang aboard, leaving the Cygnet legally—technically and actually—abandoned.

Lambert called up the two men, jabbering excitedly in Spanish, and pointed under his bunk in the tiny stateroom, which opened into the pilot-house. They went in with the treasure and he softly turned the lock on them

Giving the wheel, with a few rapid words, to his mate, Lambert ran down and aft, where he stepped up on the bulwark. Steadying himself with outstretched hand against the flat house, and waiting until the Empress rose to the alternate dip of the Cygnet, he gave a mighty leap—up and out. Both hands gripped the ladder as his body crashed against the vessel's side. He hung there a few seconds breathless, half-stunned, then climbed aboard

The Empress swung around, her stern twenty feet away, and a heave line shot out over the Cygnet's bow into Lambert's hands. Slowly he hauled the eight-inch hawser inboard, carefully snubbing it around the starboard bitts. Dripping with perspiration he waved the Empress ahead and started up to the wheel-house, when a shout, followed by the clang of Graff's gong, smote his ears. Turning, he saw the figure of the big negro curve over the stern of the tug, like a frog. Just ahead of him was McPhitter, stroking the ice cold water with the "crawl" of the aquatic sprinter. Both powerful swimmers, they made for the rope ladder, still dangling from the Cygnet's rail

Completely taken by surprise, Lambert shouted to them in vain to go back, and then sprang to the side with an oath. "He's caught sight of Scudder and sized up the whole thing," he growled savagely. With the ladder drawn half-way up, Lambert paused, and let it fall back. "I reckon that would be the same as murder," he muttered looking at the cold brine, heaving and swashing below. "And the skunk's got his nerve, too, or I'm a liar. It's just perishing" He unconsciously spoke aloud his admiration and stood calmly by to watch the dripping, shivering men come over the rail and disappear aft. He motioned the tug, which had backed down almost on the swimmers, to go ahead. The Cygnet's bow came slowly around. She ceased to roll so heavily and started on up the bay.

The skillful, daredevil act should have warned Lambert that he was alone with two desperate men, one of them almost a giant. However, nothing but the picture of himself sliding into the harbor at Baltimore with the Cygnet in tow filled his mind.

He went up to the vessel's wheel. It spun clear around to his touch, until the end of a broken wire rope came into view. He gazed at it thoughtfully. Coming on deck he bent over to examine the end of a wire stay that had helped to support the prostrate stack. Each of those on the sides bore the mark of a thin taper file inside the ringbolt. Lambert's face flushed. "The young hellyon!" he muttered; "the young hellyon!"

A half-hour went by before McPhitter appeared in dry clothes. Unheeding the wreckage before him, he strode around the house with an oath.

Leaning against the stern rail, Lambert, with a suave smile, watched the tall, loose-jointed figure, topped by a shock of wiry, black hair. "Have you warmed up yet?" he inquired genially as McPhitter confronted him.

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"Where are you going?" the man snarled, with a show of yellow teeth

"'Back, back, back to Baltimo'.'" Lambert half chanted the line, throwing his great shoulders back with the motion of the cake-walker. "Don't remember me, eh?" he asked suddenly, leaning forward, hands in his pockets.

McPhitter's upper lip lifted in a sneer. "Yes, I remember you. What do you want—the price of a tow?"

"No, I want you," Lambert replied, his face white with wrath. "And now I've got you," he went on, his voice smooth as ice, "I'm going to make a monkey of you, same as you did me. I'm going to skyhoot your old tub right up to the foot of Webster Street—bell in one hand, jingle in the other and the whistle cord in my teeth. See?" He jerked his head around in the direction and turned again to gaze into the bore of a 44-calibre Colt's revolver.

About four feet away it looked as big as a Krupp gun. A thin, icy blast of air ran up Lambert's spine; it seemed to lift the short hairs on the back of his neck. He never moved a muscle, but stood, his soul staring out of his eyes, wondering if the powder would burn him at that distance.

"I'll give you one minute to change your mind—to take me to Newport News," McPhitter gritted, scarcely articulate with rage.

The cornered man's half-dazed brain clicked into action. "Oh, take a chew of tobacco," he drawled, slowly withdrawing his hand from his trousers' pocket.

"Quit it, you ——"

"Won't hurt you." Lambert looked down at the twist in his open hand. He tore off a piece with his big teeth and began to munch unconcernedly.

"You can't bluff me." McPhitter's narrow, close-set eyes glittered insanely along the barrel. "What are you going to do? Time's up."

Still clutching the twist, Lambert made a slow gesture of protest—as if about to speak. As the gun was lowered a bit in anticipation, his lips pursed, his chin jerked up and a big, brown stream of tobacco juice struck McPhitter square between the eyes.

The instant Lambert spat he sprang catlike aside and forward; the powder from the spasmodically exploded cartridge burning his ear. Before the blinded man could get his hands up, a fist—hard as a horse's hoof—struck him a half-glancing blow on the high cheekbone. Ten feet away McPhitter crumpled up on the slanting deck, rolling senseless into the scuppers.

The blow and the moving deck carried Lambert off his balance. He had no time to regain it, for, with a hoarse cry, the gigantic black had him around the waist in a grasp, the like of which had never been laid upon him; a grasp which he will remember to his dying day. His left arm pinioned to his side helpless, he tried to strike the thick, brutish face pressed down against his shoulder. Desperately he fought to keep his feet from leaving the deck, from the breath being crushed out of him. Tiny, flashing specks of golden light began to dance in his blurring vision. His fist—impotent against the bullet head—opened. Blindly, instinctively, he felt upward for the windpipe. The negro's head flew back with Lambert's fingers fastened on those spiral, springlike muscles that slide up and down in the throat. With all his strength he squeezed, until that terrible thumb and forefinger met behind the negro's "Adam's Apple." The gorilla-like arms flew up and Lambert's feet touched the deck. One quick, blessed draft of air filled his lungs; then he jerked with all his might.

Flesh and blood could not withstand fingers that bent pieces of money for pastime. The giant black staggered away, clutching at his throat.

Lambert himself, sobbing and gasping for breath, fell on his hands and knees and watched the crazed negro, fighting the empty air, go against the rail and topple overboard.

Presently, the half-spent man arose, feeling himself over. He glanced at McPhitter, still lying unconscious in the scuppers, a leg dangling out under the rail. "Hey, Sonny," he grinned, "you missed the sight of your life. And I don't reckon anybody else"—he straightened up and looked over the house. Nothing but the smoke of the Empress could be seen as they plowed along up the bay.

McPhitter was carried below to his cabin and lashed securely in his bunk, his arms being left free. By the time hot water and towels had been procured the helpless man began to moan, then to scream and curse horribly.

For an hour and a half Lambert silently worked on him, finally tying the raging skipper's hands, that his eyelids might be forced open to let the warm water, squeezed from the towels, help the tear ducts wash out the fiery, acrid juice. Then he laid a couple of heavy cloths soaked in cold water over the battered features and went up on deck.

It would soon be dark, so he set about arranging the Cygnet's lights and then foraged for a bite to eat. McPhitter would take nothing, but stopped cursing long enough to drink eagerly of the water offered him. Far into the night McPhitter raved, until Lambert, finding the medicine chest at last, sent the tormented man into temporary oblivion. Then, taking the Cygnet's papers, manifests and bills of lading from the broken safe, Lambert went forward to the wheel-house with a couple of blankets.

When he awoke it was broad day and a marine reporter, in his naptha launch, was shouting alongside. It was eight o'clock and they were just off Seven-Foot Knoll—almost home.

The man in the launch wrapped a morning paper about a monkey wrench and tossed it aboard. Lambert read a very hazy, inaccurate account of what had happened at the Capes—wired up from the Light Ship. "Nothing to say," he called. "You might as well go on up to the shops; the boss will do the talking."

Listed full twenty degrees to starboard and down by the head, her prostrate stack across the rail, the Cygnet was a sight to behold as she followed the Empress up through the lower harbor, into the Basin, the solitary figure of Lambert standing in the bow. Answering each toot that greeted her, the tug's siren growled continuously.

Every man in the shops quit work to line the dock. The little Comet slid over from the lumber yard, puffing ostentatiously, and helped to warp the Cygnet in.

Up in the private office Cabell drew out a slip cut from a newspaper a few days old, and Lambert read:

$5000 REWARD

For the detention of the S. S. Callao, and the arrest of her Captain, McPhitter, in any port whose Government has an extradition treaty with Nicaragua. ENRIQUE RODRIGUEZ,
11 —— St., Phila., Pa.

"And I've got him!" exclaimed Lambert.

For an hour the two men talked, unmindful of the crowd outside, until Cabell leaned back in his swivel chair. "If these papers are all 'O. K.'" he said, smiling, "you have salvaged about sixty thousand dollars' worth of stuff, to say nothing of the rest of it. A pretty lucky bit of work."

"Being as it's almost Christmas, you know," Lambert insinuated.

Cabell looked up quickly and hesitated. "I'm game," he said finally, his myopic eyes snapping behind the thick glasses, "but, to do it, you disobeyed ——"

He was interrupted by a loud knock and the entrance of a swarthy, black-eyed little man, who introduced himself and began to splutter in excited broken English.

Lambert went out and returned with the treasure in the blankets, Scudder at his heels. The latter began to speak in Spanish and Señor Rodriguez impressively shook hands all around once more.

"I was just telling him," explained Scudder, "that I spent my last dollar for a telegram and had to go aboard your boat to get a meal."

As Rodriguez, on behalf of his Government, laid formal claim to the money, Lambert sent word to his mate to bring McPhitter up and turned to Scudder. "How much would it take to put you straight—at home?" he asked in a low tone.

"About twenty-five hundred dollars," was the eager reply.

After a few whispered words with Cabell, Lambert shoved a roll of bills into Scudder's hand. "Sonny," he drawled, "there is a hotel uptown called the Stratford. Rig yourself out and loaf around up there till I come for you."

"All right, sir. When you come up I'll buy you a drink." Scudder grinned, and disappeared just as McPhitter thrust his broken, bandaged face through the other door.

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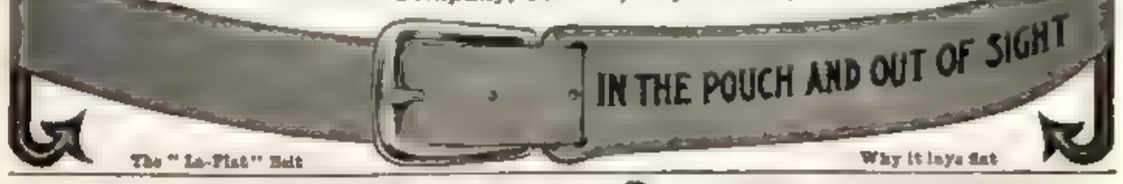

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BELFORD'S FRIEND

(Continued from Page 13)

considerable "paper" profit in it. At that point he had halted, neither receding nor going forward, studying those accumulating signs which, in his judgment, boded ill for the venture. He had faithfully communicated the signs to Dutcher; argued with him that the deal ought to be abandoned; latterly, even begged him to get out while he could save something of his skin. Dutch had developed a progressive stubbornness. All his pride and bulldog, fighting blood were involved. It had seemed to Belford that he was simply obsessed to ruin himself.

Now, Belford's conscience was clear. He had faithfully advised his principal to the best of his ability; had pointed out the danger. It was an open field, a game free to anybody to play as he chose. So if he, on his own personal account, elected to abandon Dutcher's side of the deal and take the other side, to sell out his Duluth and Winnipeg and go short, who could accuse him? Where was the treachery? That was, in fact, exactly what he had meant to do—and with the profit retire in triumph. But odd compunctions arose and baffled him. Plausible as it all looked, he knew in his heart that when he went to Jane and said, "Yes, as you desired, I've finished with Dutcher; I've chucked the whole business," it would be a monstrous lie. His relationship to Dutcher had been changed these last three weeks. He saw that the burly man was going to pieces, and that when he pretended not to see it, that, too, was a huge lie. More than once, in his leaden heaviness, he had muttered to himself, "No, my girl, you're sweet and frank. I won't lie to you any more, whatever happens."

A waiter had come in answer to the signal of Dutcher's lifted forefinger, taken the order deferentially, and glided away.

"Dutch, I want you to listen to me once more," Belford began. In spite of himself his voice was not exactly steady. "Don't you see—after this scene—you've left 'em no choice but to go ahead and smash you? Dutch, do pull up a bit. You can save something. And don't drink that whisky when it comes. Come, Dutch, let me go home with you right now. Let's go home and sit down and talk it over sensibly. Please don't drink that whisky." He pleaded on rapidly, his hand on Dutcher's arm. He spoke of Ma; of the girl at school.

Dutcher answered never a word; glowered stonily straight ahead of him; gulped down the liquor.

Still Belford pleaded, clinging to it as though his life depended upon it; begged him to put aside the drink; to come home. Dutcher did not move a muscle, except that presently he tipped the bottle and took another draft. Tears came into Belford's eyes.

Then Dutcher turned upon him, black and sullen. "What's the matter with you, Belford?" he growled mockingly. "You're just one of the gang, ain't you? A pack of wolves. My booze used to be good enough for you. You hadn't anything to say against it when I was winning. What's got into you to preach lately? I'll tell you. You've gone over to Morser. You think old Dutch is gone up the spout. So you want to preach a little sermon over him before you pick his bones. Didn't I take you up from a desk? And you're short of Duluth and Winnipeg up to your ears this minute!"

"On my word of honor, Dutch, I haven't sold a single share! Not a single share!" Belford exclaimed—strangely glad to be able to say it.

"Well, you will sell to-morrow," Dutcher persisted, his lip lifting. "You think I'm done for—same's the others!" His eye lit up; he ground his teeth together. "They can't smash me! They can't do it! Bill Morser built himself up on my plows. Let him come on, if he thinks he can smash me!"

The blacksmith's face was congested, shocking; his eyes glowed. A thought struck Belford that cut in to the quick. It was that this senseless stubbornness proceeded from a mind already tainted; that dissipation, a bad occupation, worry, had done their work, and Dutcher was actually part mad.

He leaned over, yearning with compassion and remorse. "Listen to what I say, Dutch. I'll stick as long as you do, if that's any comfort. I'll go down with the ship. Just cut out the booze this once and come home with me. Come! A good spin in the open will put you right again. I want to talk business to you!"

Dutcher relapsed to his wooden attitude, but now and again reached for the bottle. It was dark when they came out on the flagging, and Dutcher moved with a certain ponderous deliberation—by which he betrayed what other men betray by staggering. Belford hung at his side, leaden and sick, but striving to hope. They moved up the street to where Dutcher's automobile was waiting. Striving, sickly, to hope, Belford thrust a hand under the blacksmith's arm and said cheerfully, loud enough for the chauffeur to hear, "All right. We'll go home now."

Dutcher shoved him back with a ponderous elbow and gave the chauffeur an address.

"No, no, Dutch!" Belford burst out. "Don't go there! Come home, Dutch. You sha'n't go there! I won't let you!" He barred the way to the machine and threw his arms around his companion.

Grimly, without a word, Dutcher freed himself, pushed Belford back, and struck him in the face—a blow that sent him sprawling on the flagstones.

When Belford gathered himself up, dazed, the car was moving away. Two astonished pedestrians had paused. One of them was picking up Belford's hat; the other looking vaguely for a policeman.

"Oh, it's all right," Belford explained stupidly, and not seeing them very clearly. "All right—a little misunderstanding."

The two men looked at each other uncertainly, shrugged their shoulders, and walked on.

A moment later Belford became aware that he was walking up the street with his hat in his hand. He stopped to put it on. His cheek felt strange, and, mechanically, he put his handkerchief to it. The cloth was dabbled with blood when he took it away. He sat down on a doorstep then and stared at the house-front opposite, the heaviness inside him cracking his heart. "All the same, Ma," he thought, "I'll go down with the ship."

It seemed to him next day that something should be said; so he wrote a line: "Dear Jane: I'm afraid, after all, I'm hopelessly tied up with Dutcher."

A month went by. Then he presented himself at Professor Brewster's apartment. Entering the room where he sat, at first sight of him Jane's lips parted. It was not forgiveness or anything like that; but sheer pity, as for a broken horse or hurt dog. He did not arise, offer a hand, or attempt even by a word to claim any sort of footing with her—simply sat, his hat on his knees, looking at her with large, dull eyes.

"I couldn't do anything, Jane," he said. "I've just come from Ma. I wanted to come in and see you. I want to get it all cleared up and ended."

"Yes," she breathed, and slipped into a chair, some distance from him, bending forward attentively.

"Of course, you were right enough," he went on dully. "I did have a good deal of influence with him. No doubt I could have helped him if I'd tried in time. He talked it over with me latterly. No doubt I could have done a good deal. He didn't mean to be bad; was a good sort in his rough way. But he was awfully stupid about everything except business—sort of ashamed, too, under the surface. When he bragged about having been a blacksmith it was a good deal because he thought somebody might try to throw it up to him. Thought he must do as the Romans do; show he was right up to date. He got in with a rotten crowd and when he aped them it was a good deal like the small boy smoking his first cigar—just to show he's up to it, you know. He'd always worked hard; lived in his small, decent town; never thought much of anything else. So when he got down here with a lot of money he was something like a sailor on his first shore leave. His dull brain could hardly imagine ways to satisfy his appetites fast enough. It's all plain enough now; and I could have helped him."

"Yes," she murmured sadly.

"But I was just as stupid as he was, Jane; thought if the Romans did it, that settled it. I wanted his business, and did whatever seemed likeliest to get it—as going around with him; laughing when I

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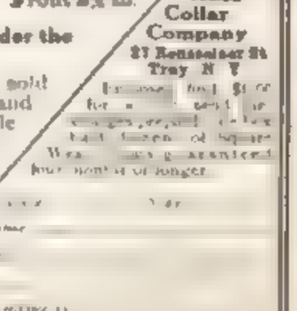

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might better have cried. I understood it finally; but it was too late then."

He contemplated the crown of his hat and spoke reminiscently. "The first of the week, it seemed as though I might have some luck. Monday and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday he stayed at home all the time; didn't take a drink; went out driving with Ma; wrote to the girl. He told her he was going broke, you know, and he and Ma were talking about going back to Minona. He was older and pretty well broken up; but he was clean and sober again."

"Yes." The syllable came in a whisper this time.

"Wednesday the big smash came, Duluth and Winnipeg—that was his stock—all gone to pot; he about cleaned out. Of course, I had to be downtown all day looking after the pieces—could only telephone now and then, and couldn't get up to the house until nearly midnight. He took it fine—calm and easy, as though he'd been all prepared for it. He and Ma were sitting before the grate—he in his stocking-feet. They had a photograph of the house at Minona and had written out there to have it put in order. I thought I had him about to shore. And Thursday I didn't get to the house until in the evening. But he was clean, quiet and sober. It seemed all right. They had a letter from the girl—brave and dear. But the luck wouldn't hold, Jane. I couldn't do anything finally."

She folded her clasped hands against her breast, bending forward, and asked, tremulously, "How did he die, John?"

The one-sided smile remained. "Heart failure," he said. "Of course, you read it in the newspapers. . . . But there was a red spot on his shirt when I first saw him. I guess I'll be seeing it for some time to come. I wouldn't wonder if some of it is here"—he touched the palm of his right hand—"for my share in being a good fellow with him. He broke away Friday. The mad place came up in his brain, I suppose. He broke away. I hunted hard for him—and found him a little too late—along toward dinner-time. Some others were ready enough to help, then. It took sharp work; but we smuggled him home to Ma—up the back stairs at night. You see, Jane—what you didn't find in the newspapers—he died—where he ought not to have been. Ma'll never know that, or about the red spot. Just that was all I could do. The luck wouldn't last," he concluded wearily, contemplating his hat.

The room was still a moment. Then she said, striving to keep her voice even, "Oh, but you tried, John!"

It made no particular impression upon his preoccupation. "I'm cleaned out, too," he observed dully. "My money and so on—I went down with the ship." He glanced over at her with the one-sided smile. "I thought I'd come in and tell you—the end of my luck." He took hold of the brim of his hat mechanically.

"And, John—am not I—any little bit of luck?" she said. There were tears in her eyes—and much else—which, after a blank instant, he understood.

THE ISSUE

(Concluded from Page 4)

threshing-machine. The human element enters into it.

It will take but a few years longer to put on the statute-books the remaining laws needed to complete this great movement for righteousness and honesty, for justice and humanity. And when it is ended let it be ended. When wickedness exists, failure to agitate against it is even greater wickedness; but when the work has been done, further agitation is not only just as wrong, but it is folly also. I despise the man who refuses to fight the great evils which hurt the people, but I equally despise the man who, when those evils are ended, will go on agitating merely for spectacular effect and his own public advancement.

This one word more: It is a good quality of the human mind to hesitate about doing things, but when this useful mental quality becomes extreme it is an effective barrier to all progress. The man who would always be changing conditions just for the sake of change is a nuisance; but the man who opposes all change just because it is change is equally a nuisance. Neither type is the American type. Americanism means adaptability—change when change is needed, and refusal to change when change is not needed.

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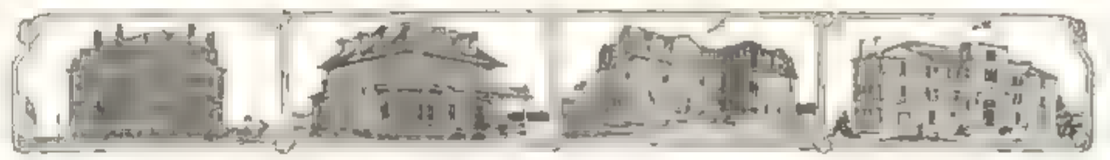

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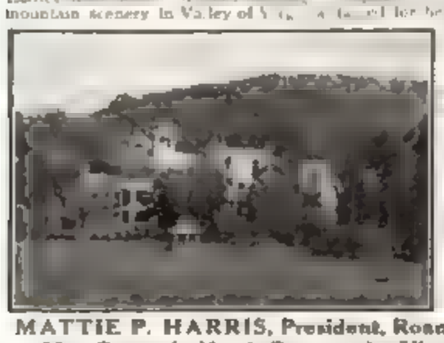

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THE ETIQUETTE OF GEMS

(Concluded from Page 6)

several years to gather a dozen, for necklaces must be arranged and rearranged many times before the perfect circle is completed. If worn on absolute black, or on blue or mauve or white, or, in fact, any color, it is the most dignified jewel.

All of our Chinese ministers have been of such rank that they were entitled to wear the oxi, a pink tourmaline found in the Shan Mountains. Li Hung Chang wore one encircled by a row of large diamonds. This gem is always cut *en cabochon*, or in regular oval form, about one inch long and one-half inch in thickness. It is worn lengthwise on the black cap with interesting effect, but it is not more attractive than the thumb rings of rich green imperial jade. These are not Chinese, as we are told by the Chinamen, but are of Burmese origin. Where these rings are unusually rich and clear in color they have been held at one thousand pounds apiece.

The wearing of blues and purples recently has led to a great demand for beads and jewels set with lapis lazuli to blend with the blues, while amethyst is worn with the purple and mauve.

Coral occurs in so many tints, from the palest, richest pink, through the various shades of rose and red, to the dark ox-blood coral, that it is very effective when worn with many forms of lace and fabric.

The Beauties of the Lesser Lights

In striking contrast to the corals we have many green gems from the Amazon, and pale green ones from Virginia and Colorado. We have, besides the blue, the blue-green turquoise either combined with the matrix or entirely free from the same; the lustrous beryl; and also the imperial jade, with its gamut of shades running into the richest and most vivid green. This last stone is occasionally carved to relieve the severity of the ornament. Then there is the emerald, either of Eastern origin or cut in the Eastern style; the green avanturine, some of a very dark, almost pickle-green, disseminated with brilliant spangles of mica, and jade of an oil-green hue, from New Zealand; and the dark green colored carbonate of copper malachite from the Ural Mountains. There are still other green stones more original in form, such as tourmalines of various tints of green, generally of irregular, Oriental cutting, and occasionally there may be seen a necklace of antique hexagonal crystals of emerald, found in the tombs of Egypt and Syria.

For an inexpensive decoration to combine with lace or purple there is a great variety of amethyst beads of Brazilian and Uruguayan origin. These range in shade from the very palest to very dark; they are either smooth or faceted and measure from one-eighth inch in diameter to nearly one inch, in the case of occasional long necklaces. The two varieties have been combined by placing between them flat, diskike faceted beads of similar lustre, or else pearls; or a pearl is set between two amethyst beads, or two amethysts cut lentil shape, with a rock-crystal rondelle between them, or a rondelle of crystal between long, irregular Oriental beads.

Those who desire white in jewels can select pearls, diamonds or white coral, graduated from the tiniest beads to the largest, or else of even size. These strings are occasionally made up so that each bead contains a tiny speck of pink to relieve it.

Strings of opals, from the smallest size, one-eighth inch, to large opals measuring more than one-half inch in diameter, are beautifully graduated, sometimes there being between them a faceted rock-crystal rondelle, wonderful in their rich play of varied sunset-like color, being spherical in form, and without setting to detract from the full display of their beauty.

Moonstone beads of all sizes may be had, beautifully and evenly graduated as are the others described.

Rock crystals, pure as the clearest mountain streams when beautifully faceted, are wonderfully effective for light or dark gowns of any color. They are inexpensive and attractive, and lend themselves to all environments.

Topazes may be seen either faceted or cut absolutely smooth, from the palest tint of amber through all gradations of yellow to the darkest brown, and in every manner and form of bead, from the simple and plain facet to the antique style.

In combining precious stones, not only their color but their surface qualities also should be considered. The brilliant diamond assorts better with gems whose surface is termed waxy, such as the pearl and the turquoise, than with stones which are equally brilliant. The same is true of the combination of transparent with translucent or chatoyant stones—for instance, the chrysoprase, the chalcedony and the cat's-eye. These are much more effective when set with transparent stones than when combined with each other, as, in the latter case, there is not sufficient contrast.

The moonstone accords very well with deep-colored amethysts, spinels and tourmalines, but it is well to have moonstones recut and repolished, as in the form in which they are imported from Ceylon they do not half display their silvery sheen, and require the care of a skillful lapidary.

One word in regard to wearing rings that do not fit. A ring, if too large for the finger, unless it be a plain one, is apt to turn, and this not only produces an ungraceful effect, but renders the ring liable to catch upon some projecting object and, in this way, possibly cause injury to the wearer. Besides this, a very loose ring, unless kept in place by some sort of guard, is likely to be lost. It is equally or even more dangerous to wear a ring that is too tight for the finger. Many ladies, and some gentlemen also, have a sentiment in regard to taking off a ring that has been put on for a wedding or an engagement, with the frequent result that, after a number of years, if the hand becomes stouter, the ring is much too small for the finger. The sensation in a finger girded with a ring too small for it is identical with that experienced when a string has been bound tightly about it. The circulation is obstructed and the health and disposition of the wearer suffer. The result may be some affection of the arm, and, should an attack of rheumatism, or a severe cold, or some other ailment ensue, there are likely to be serious consequences. The writer has seen many rings cut from the hand, and, in some cases, the entire finger under the ring was an open wound, the wound being occasionally a deep one where the finger had swollen; thus leaving a most painful reminder of an experience which the wearer need never have incurred had he kept his rings fitted to his fingers by the jeweler, a task of but trifling cost.

Editor's Note — This is the second of two articles by Doctor Kunz, one of the world's leading experts in pearls, precious stones and their use in jewelry.

Red-Headed Birds

THE Biological Survey in its search for every unknown bird, now admits having been brutally hoaxed by an American war correspondent who was stationed at Santiago.

"Nobody seems able to classify the wonderful little bird which is as common here as the English sparrow is at home," was the opening sentence of a telegram which created a sensation in the rooms of the Agricultural Department given over to Biology. "It resembles the sparrow in some particulars, but has a brilliant red head. Do you know what family it belongs to?"

One of the experts started post-haste for the habitat of the red-headed bird.

The peculiar "red-headed, unclassified sparrow" was there in abundant quantities when the savant arrived. It was twittering in the roads and fluttering among the trees.

"Wonderful!" the expert murmured as he prepared his traps. "Wonderful! A distinct addition to the biological knowledge of the nation."

Six of the birds were prisoners within an hour. The biologist looked at them for an instant. Then he swore mildly at all newspaper men, and at American war correspondents in particular.

A New York writer, long on leisure, suffering from ennui and having no other excuse to daily with his generous daily expense account, had created these "red-headed" sparrows. The deft fingers of some Spanish sewing girls had fashioned two hundred tiny red-flannel nightcaps; a bounty of a dime a head had resulted in the capture of the two hundred birds, and, the tiny nightcaps having been firmly sewed on, the birds were released.

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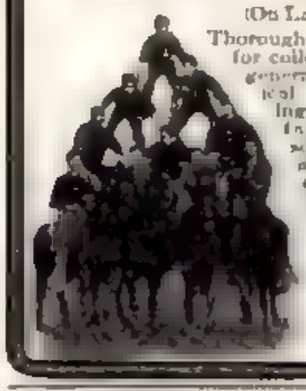

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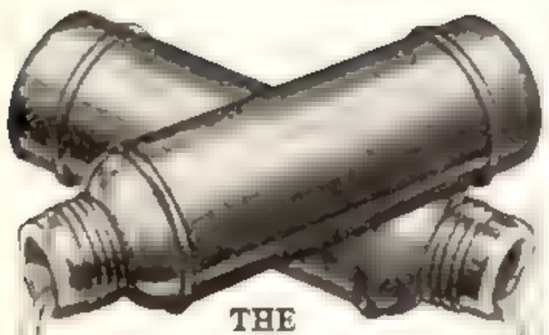

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Pennsylvania.—Our new narrow reversible four-in-hand, 40 inches long by 1¾ inches wide, most suitable for the proper style summer collar.

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Both of these backs are [illegible] garnet purple, navy [illegible] can be had to suit.

SHIBBOLETH SILK CO.
462 Broadway, New York

Send money-order, check or two-cent stamps. Write for Catalogue G

THE FIRING LINE

(Continued from Page 11)

that I should know about—that could possibly concern me now, you would tell me, somehow—in time ——"

For a moment the revelation of her faith and innocence—the disclosure of how strange and lost she felt in the overwhelming catastrophe of forbidden love—how ignorant, how alone, left him without a word to utter.

She said, still looking down at his hands held between her own:

"A girl who has done what I have done loses her bearings. . . . I don't know yet how desperately bad I am. However, one thing remains clear—only one—that no harm could come to—my family—even if I have given myself to you. And when I did it, only the cowardly idea that I was wronging myself persisted. If that is my only sin, you are worth it. And if I committed worse, I am not repentant. But—dear, what you have done to me has so utterly changed me that—things that I never before heeded or comprehended trouble me. Yesterday I could not have understood what to-night I have done. So, if there lies any unknown peril in to-morrow or the days to come—if you love me you will tell me. . . . Yet I cannot believe in it. Dearly as I love you I would not raise one finger to aid or save or comfort you at *their* expense. I would not go away with you; I would not seek my freedom for your sake. If there is in my love anything base or selfish I am not conscious of it. I cannot marry you; I can only live on, loving you. What danger can there be in that for you and me?"

"None," he said.

She sighed happily, lifted her eyes, yielded to his arms, sighing her heart out, lips crushed to his.

Somewhere in the forest a bird awoke, singing like a soul in Paradise.

CHAPTER XVI

WITH the beginning of March the end of the so-called social season, south of Jupiter Light, is close at hand. First, the great winter hotels close; then, one by one, doors and gates of villa and cottage are locked, bright awnings and lawn shades furled and laid away, blinds bolted, flags lowered. All summer long villa and caravansary alike stand sealed and silent amid their gardens, blazing under the pale, fierce splendor of an unclouded sky; tenantless, save where, beside opened doors of quarters, black, recumbent figures sprawl asleep, shiny faces fairly sizzling in the rays of a vertical sun.

The row of shops facing the gardens, the white streets, quay, pier, wharf are deserted and silent. Rarely a human being passes; the sands are abandoned except by some stray beach-comber; only at the station remains any sign of life, where trains are being loaded for the North, or roll in across the long drawbridge, steaming south to that magic port from which the white P. and O. steamers sail away into regions of eternal sunshine.

So passes Palm Beach into its long summer sleep, and the haunts of men are desolate. But it is otherwise with the Wild.

Night and the March moon awake the winter-dormant wilderness from the white man's deadening spell. Now, unrestrained, the sound of negro singing floats inland on the sea-wind from inlet, bar and glassy-still lagoon; great, cumbersome, shadowy things lumber down to tidewater—huge turtles on egg-laying intent. In the dune-hammock the black bear, crab-hungry, awakes from his December sleep and claws the palmetto fruit; the bay lynx steals beachward; a dozen little deaths hatch from the diamond-back, alive; and the mean, gray fox uncurls and scratches ticks, grinning, red-gummed at the moon.

Edging the Everglades, the flat-flanked panthers prowl, ears and tail-tips twitching; doe and buck listen from the cypress shades; the razor-back clatters his tusks, and his dull and furry ears stand forward and his dull eyes redden. Then the silver mullet leaps in the moonlight, and the tiger-owl floats soundlessly to his plunging perch, and his daring yellow glare flashes even when an otter splashes or a tiny fawn stirs.

And very, very far away, under the stars, rolls the dull bull-bellow of the 'gator, laboring, lumbering, clawing across the saw-grass seas; and all the little striped pigs run, bucking madly, to their dangerous and silent dam who listens, rigid, horny nose aquiver in the wind.

So wakes the Wild when the white men turn northward under the March moon: and, as though released from the same occult restraint, tree and shrub break out at last into riotous florescence; swamp maple sets the cypress shade afire; the cassava lights its orange elf-lamps; dogwood snows in the woods; every magnolia is set with great white chalices divinely scented, and the Royal Poinciana crowns itself with cardinal magnificence.

The toddling Moses of the Exodus, as usual, was Courtlandt Classon; the ornamental Miriam, Mrs. O'Hara; and the children of the preferred stock started North with cymbals and with dances, making a joyful noise, and camping en route at Ormond—vastly more beautiful than the fashion-infested coral reef from which they started—at Saint Augustine, on corporate compulsion, at the great inns of Hampton, Hot Springs and Old Point, for fashion's sake—taking their falling temperature by degrees—as though any tropic could compare with the scorching suffocation of Manhattan town.

Before the Beach Club closed certain species of humanity left in a body, including a number of the unfledged, and one or two pretty opportunists. Portlaw went, also Malcourt.

It required impudence, optimism and executive ability for Malcourt to make his separate adieus and render impartial justice on each occasion.

There was a girl at "The Breakers" who was rather apt to slop over, so that interview was timed for noon, when the sun dries up everything very quickly, including such by-products as tears.

Then there was Miss Suydam to ride with at five o'clock on the beach, where the chain of destruction linked mullet and osprey and ended with the robber eagle—and Malcourt—if he chose.

But there were no tears for the westering sun to dry, only strangely quenched eyes, more green than blue, for Malcourt to study, furtively; only the pale oval of a face to examine, curiously, and not too cynically; and a mouth, somewhat colorless, to reassure without conviction—also without self-conviction. This was all—except a pair of slim, clinging hands to release when the time came, using discretion—and some amiable firmness, if required.

They were discussing the passing of the old régime for lack of a safer theme; and he had spoken flippantly of the decadence of the old families—his arm around her and her pale cheek against his shoulder.

She listened rather absently; her heart was very full and she was thinking of other matters. But as he continued she answered at length, hesitating, using phrases as trite and quaintly stilted as the theme itself, gently defending the old names he sneered at. And in her words he savored a certain old-time flavor of primness and pride—a vaguely delicate hint of resentment, which it amused him to excite. Pacing the dunes with her waist enlaced, he said, to incite retort:

"The old families are done for. Decadent in morals, in physique, mean mentally and spiritually, they are even worse off than respectfully cherished ruins, because they are out of fashion, they and their dingy dwellings. Our house is on the market; I'd be glad to see it sold, only Tressilvain will get half."

"In you," she said, "there seem to be other things besides reverence which are out of fashion."

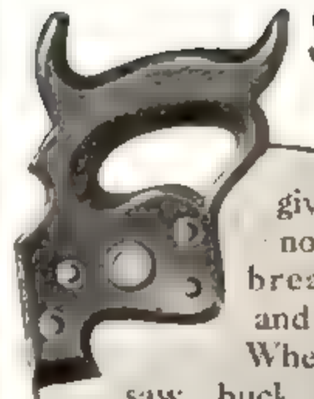
He continued smilingly: "As the old mansions disappear, Virginia, so disintegrate those families whose ancestors gave names to the old lanes of New Amsterdam. I reverence neither the one nor the other. Good riddance! The fit alone survive."

"I still survive, if you please."

"Proving the rule, dear. But, yourself excepted, look at the few of us who chance to be here in the South. Look at Courtlandt Classon, intellectually destitute! Cuyp, a mental brother to the ox, and Vetchen to the ass, and Mrs. Van Dieman to somebody's maidservant—that old harridan with all the patrician distinction of a *Dame des Halles* ——"

"Please, Louis!"

SIMONDS SAWS



give satisfaction—no warping or breaking—clean and sharp cutting. Whether a hand saw, buck saw, circular saw, band saw or crosscut saw, it can be identified before you buy, because on all

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If your dealer cannot get you Simonds Saws, write us and say what kind of a saw you want

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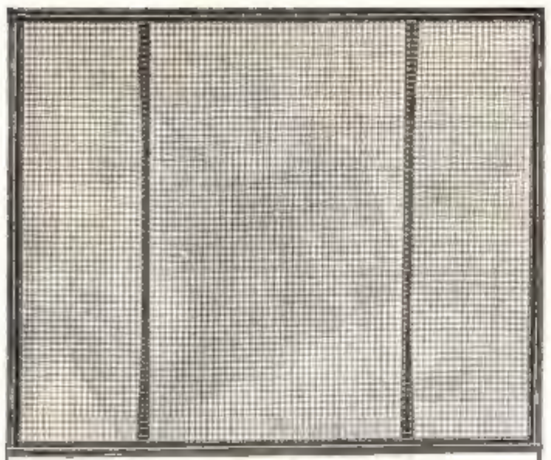

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"Dear, I am right. Even Constance Palliser, still physically superb, but mentally morbid—in love with what once was Wayward—with the ghost she raised in her dead girlhood, there on the edge of yesterday ——"

"Louis! Louis! And *you?* What were you yesterday? What are you to-day?"

"What do I care what I was and am?—Dutch, British, burgher or cavalier?—What the deuce do I care, my dear? The Malcourts are rotten; everybody knows it. Tressilvain is worse; my sister says so. As I told you, the old families are done for—all except yours ——"

"I am the last of mine, Louis."

"The last and best ——"

"Are you laughing?"

"No; you are the only human one I've ever heard of among your race—the sweetest, soundest, best ——"

"I? . . . What you say is too terrible to laugh at. I—guilty in mind—unsound—contaminated ——"

"Temporarily. I'm going to-night. Time and absence are the great antiseptics. When the corrupt cause disappears the effect follows. Cheer up, dear; I take the night train."

But she only pressed her pale face closer to his shoulder. Their interlocked shadows, huge, fantastic, streamed across the eastern dunes as they moved slowly on together.

"Louis!"

"Yes?"

She could not say it. Close to the breaking point, she was ready now to give up to him more than he might care for—the only shred left which she had shrunk from letting him think was within his reach for the asking—her name.

Pride, prejudice, had died out in the fierce outbreak of a heart amazingly out of place in the body of one who bore her name.

Generations of her kinsmen, close and remote, had lived in the close confines of narrow circles—narrow, bloodless, dull folk, almost all distantly related—and they had lived and mated among themselves, coldly defiant of that great law which dooms the overcultivated and inbred to folly and extinction.

Somewhere, far back along the race-line, some mongrel ancestor had begun life with a heart; and, unsuspected, that obsolete organ had now reappeared in her, irritating, confusing, amazing, and finally stupefying her with its misunderstood pulsations.

At first, like a wounded creature, consciousness of its presence turned her restless, almost vicious. Then from cynicism to incredulity she had passed the bitter way to passion, and the shamed recoil from it; to recklessness, and the contempt for it, and so through sorrow and humility to love—if it were love to endure the evil in this man and to believe in the good which he had never yet revealed to her save in a half-cynical, half-amused content that matters rest in *statu quo*.

"The trouble with us," mused Malcourt, lazily switching the fragrant beach-grapes with his riding-crop, "is inbreeding. Yes, that's it. And we know what it brings to kings and kine alike. Tressilvain is half-mad, I think. And we are used up and out of date. . . . Few of us count; the lumbering British or Dutch cattle our race was bred from, even in these brief generations, have become decadent and barren; we are even passing from a fashion which we have neither intellect to sustain nor courage to dictate to. It's the raw West that is to be our Nemesis, I think. . . . 'Mix corpuscles or you die!'—that's what I read as I run—I mean, saunter; the Malcourts never run, except to seed. My, what phosphorescent perversion! One might almost mistake it for philosophy. . . . But it's only the brilliancy of decay, Virginia; and it's about time that the last Malcourt stepped down and out of the scheme of things. My sister is older, but I don't mind going first—even if it is bad manners."

"Is that why you have never asked me to marry you?" she said, white as a ghost.

Startled to silence he walked on beside her. She had pressed her pallid face against his shoulder again; one thin hand crushed her gloves and riding-crop into her hip, the other, doubled, left in the palm pale imprints of her fingers.

"Is *that* the reason?" she repeated.

"No, dear."

"Is it because you do not care for me—enough?"

"Partly. But that is easily remedied."

"Or"—with bent head—"because you think too—lightly—of me ——"

"No! That's a lie, anyway."

"A—lie?"

"Yes. You lie to yourself if you think that! You are *not* that sort. You are not, and you never were and never could be. Don't you suppose I know?"—almost with a sneer: "I won't have it—nor would you! It is you, not I, who have controlled this situation; and if you don't realize it I do. I never doubted you even when you prattled to me of moderation. *I* know that you were not named with your name in mockery, or in vain."

Dumb, thrilled, understanding in a blind way what this man had said, dismayed to find safety amid the elements of destruction, a sudden belief in herself—in him, too—began to flicker. Had the still small flame been relighted for her? Had it never entirely died?

"If—you will have me, Louis," she whispered.

"I don't love you. I'm rather nearer than I ever have been just now. But I am not in love."

"Could you ever ——"

"Yes."

"Then—why ——"

"I'll tell you why, some day. Not now."

They had come to where their horses were tied. He put her up, adjusted boot-strap and skirt, then swung gracefully aboard his own pie-faced Taliahassee nag, wheeling into the path beside her.

"'The world,'" observed Malcourt, using his favorite quotation, "'is so full of a number of things'—like you and me and that coral snake yonder. . . . It is very hard to make a coral snake bite you; but it's death if you succeed. . . . Whack that nag if he plunges! Lord, what a nose for sarpints horses have! Hamil was telling me—by the way, there's nothing degenerate about our distant cousin, John Garret Hamil; but he's not pure pedigree. However, I'd advise him to marry into some fresh, new strain ——"

"He seems likely to," said Virginia.

After a moment Malcourt looked around at her curiously.

"Do you mean Shiela Cardross?"

"Obviously."

"You think it safe?"—mockingly.

"I wouldn't care if I were a man."

"Oh! I didn't suppose that a Suydam could approve of her."

"I do now—with envy. . . . You are right about the West. Do you know that it seems to me as though in that girl all sections of the land were merged, as though the freshest blood of all nations flowing through the land had centred and mingled to produce that type of physical perfection! It is a curious idea—isn't it, Louis?—to imagine that the brightest, wholesomest, freshest blood of the nations within this nation has combined to produce such a type! Suppose it were so. After all, is it not worth dispensing with a few worn names to look out at the world through those fearless, magnificent eyes of hers—to walk the world with such limbs and such a body? Did you ever see such self-possession, such superb capacity for good and evil, such quality and texture! . . . Oh, yes, I am quite crazy about her—like everybody and John Garret Hamil, Third."

"*Is* he?"

She laughed. "Do you doubt it?"

Malcourt drew bridle, fished for his case and lighted a cigarette; then he spurred forward again, alert, intent, head partly turned in that curious attitude of listening, though Virginia was riding now in pensive silence.

"Louis," she said at last, "what is it you hear when you seem to listen that way. It's uncanny."

"I'll tell *you*," he said. "My father had a very pleasant, persuasive voice. . . . I was fond of him. . . . And sometimes I still argue with him—in the old humorous fashion ——"

"What?" with a shiver.

"In the old amusing way," continued Malcourt quietly. "Sometimes he makes suggestions to me—curious suggestions—easy ways out of trouble—and I listen—as you noticed."

The girl looked at him, reined up closer, and bent forward, looking him intently in the eyes.

"Well, dear?" inquired Malcourt, with a smile.

But she only straightened up in her saddle, a chill creeping in her veins.

A few moments later he suggested that they gallop. He was obliged to, for he had

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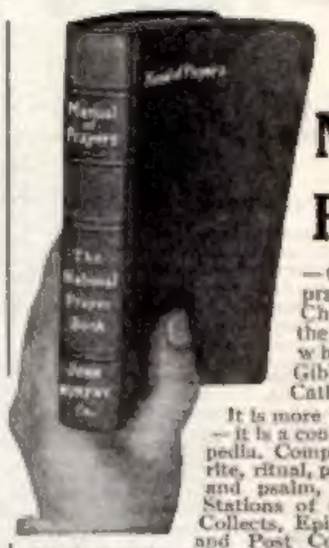

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other interviews awaiting him; and also Portlaw, in a vile humor with the little gods of high and low finance.

. . . . . .

One of these interviews occurred after his final evening adieus to the Cardross family and to Hamil. Shiela drove him to the hotel in Gray's motor, slowly, when they were out of sight, at Malcourt's request.

"I wanted to give you another chance," he said. "I'm a little more selfish this time, because, if I had a decent opportunity, I think I'd try to fall in love with somebody or other ——"

She flushed painfully, looking straight ahead over the steering-wheel along the blinding path of the acetylenes.

"I am very sorry," she said, "because I had—had almost concluded to tell them—everything."

"What!" he asked, aghast.

Her face had turned pale again; her eyes were steadily fixed on the fan-shaped radiance ahead which played fantastically along the silvery avenue of palms and swept the white road with a glitter like moonlight streaming over snow.

"You mean you are ready for your freedom, Shiela?"

"No."

"*What* do you mean?"

"That—it may be best—best—to tell them. . . . and face what is left of life together."

"You and *I*?"

"Yes."

He sat beside her, dumb, incredulous, nimble wits searching for reasons. What was he to reckon with in this sudden, calm suggestion of a martyrdom with him? A whim? Some occult caprice?—or a quarrel with Hamil? Was she wearied of the deception? Or distrustful of herself, in her new love for Hamil, lest she be tempted to free herself, after all? Was she already at that point where, desperate, benefits forgot, wavering between infatuation and loyalty, she turned, dismayed, to the only course which must crush temptation forever?

"Is that it?" he asked.

"What?" Her lips moved, forming the word without sound.

"Is it because you are so sorely tempted to free yourself at their expense?"

"Partly."

"You poor child!"

"No child now, Louis. . . . I have thought too deeply, too clearly. There is no childhood left in me. I *know* things. . . . You will help me, won't you—if I find I need you?"

"Need *me*, Shiela?"

"I may," she said excitedly; "you can't tell; and I don't know. It is all so confused. I thought I knew myself, but I seem to have just discovered a devil looking back at me out of my own reflected eyes from my own mirror!"

"What an exaggerated little thing you are!" he said, forcing a laugh.

"Am I? It must be part of me, then. I tell you, since that day they told me what I am, I have wondered what else I might be. There are changes—omens, sinister enough to frighten me ——"

"Are *you* turning morbid?"

"I don't know, Louis. Am I? How can I tell? Whom am I to ask? I *could* ask my own mother if I had one—even if it hurt her. Mothers are made for pain—as we young girls are. Miserable, wretched, deceitful, frightened as I am I *could* tell her—tell her all. . . . The longing to have her, to tell her, has become almost—almost unendurable—lately. . . . I have so much need of her. . . . You don't know the desolation of it—and the fear! I beg your pardon for talking this way. It's over now. You see I am quite calm."

"*Can't* you confide in your—other mother ——"

"I have no right. She did not bear me."

"It is the same as though you were her own; she feels so ——"

"She *cannot* feel so! Nor can I. If I could I would take my fears and sorrows and my sins to her. I could take them to my *own* mother, for both our sakes; I cannot, to her, for my own sake alone."

"Then—I don't understand! You have just suggested telling her about ourselves, haven't you?"

"Yes. But not that it has been a horror—a mistake. If I tell her—if I think it necessary—best—to tell them, I—it will be done with mask still on—cheerfully—asking pardon with a smile—I do not lack that kind of courage."

"There will be a new ceremony?"

"If they wish. . . . I can't—can't talk of it yet, unless I'm driven to it ——"

He looked quietly around at her. "*What* drives you, Shiela?"

Her eyes remained resolutely fixed on the road ahead, but her cheeks were flaming; and he turned his gaze elsewhere, thoughtful, chary of speech, until at last the lights of the station twinkled in the north.

Then he said, carelessly friendly: "I'll just say this: that, being of no legitimate use to anybody, if you find any use for me you merely need to say so."

"Thank you, Louis."

"No; I thank you. It's a new sensation—to be of legitimate use to anybody. Really, I'm much obliged."

"Don't speak so bitterly ——"

"Not at all. Short of being celestially translated and sinlessly melodious on my pianola up aloft, I had no hope of ever being useful to you and Hamil ——"

She turned a miserable and colorless face to his and he ceased, startled at the tragedy in such young eyes.

Then he burst out: "Oh, why don't you cut and run with him! Why, you little ninny, if I loved anybody like that I'd not worry over the morals of it!"

"What!" she gasped.

"Not I! Make a nunnery out of me if you must; clutch at me for sanctuary, if you want to; I'll stand for it! But if you'll listen to me you'll give up romantic martyrdom, put on your best frock, smile on Hamil, and go and ask your mother for a bright, shiny, brand-new divorce."

Revolted, incensed, eyes brilliant with anger, she sat speechless and rigid, clutching the steering-wheel as he nimbly descended to the platform.

"Good-by, Shiela," he said with a haggard smile. "I meant well—as usual."

Something about him as he stood there alone in the lamp's white radiance stilled her anger by degrees.

"Good-by," she said with an effort.

He nodded and turned away.

"Good-by, Louis," she said more gently.

He retraced his steps, and stood beside the motor, hat off. She bent forward, generous, as always, and extended her hand.

"What you said to me hurt," she said. "Do you think it would not be easy for me to persuade myself? I believe in divorce with all my heart and soul and intelligence. I *know* it is right and just. But not for me. . . . Louis—how can I do this thing to them? How can I go to them and disclose myself as a common creature of common origin and primitive impulse, showing the crack in the gay gilding and veneer they have labored to cover me with? . . . I cannot. . . . I could endure the disgrace myself; I cannot disgrace them. Think of the ridicule they would suffer if it became known that for two years I had been married, and now wanted a public divorce? No! No! There is nothing to do, nothing to hope for. . . . If it is—advisable—I will tell them, and take your name openly. . . . I am so uncertain, so frightened at moments—so perplexed. There is no one to tell me what to do. . . . And, believe me, I am sorry for you—I am deeply, deeply sorry! Good-by."

"And I for you," he said. "Good-by."

She sat in her car, waiting, until the train started.

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Incenso destroys the odors of cooking and tobacco smoke, sick-room and toilet-room odors, and takes the place of moth balls in the closets. **Introductory Offer.**—If you have never used Incenso, we will send you this beautiful bronze burner and a generous free sample for your druggist's name. Send 10c. for packing and postage. **The INCENSO CO., 415 Fifth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.**

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The smallest child can spin it and there is no spring nor string about it to break nor nickel-plated; with to wind up. Nothing wear out. Beautifully rubber tire that prevents injury to hands or furniture.

Each top packed in box with 6 colored disks. A touch of the finger while top is spinning makes beautiful color combinations.

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New frame with Bar sent to present users of the **Gem Junior Safety Razor** on receipt of 25c. No exchanges.

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If you smoke five pipes a day it's less than four cents—five hours of pleasure for four cents—certainly ARCADIA is cheap enough for you to smoke.

Send 10 Cents for a sample of the most perfect tobacco known.

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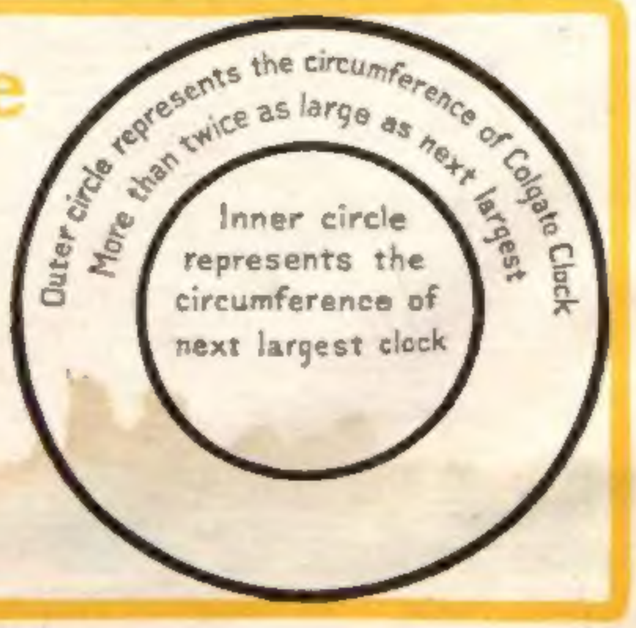
What articles on large dial must the minute hand pass over, to have both hands form a straight line across the clock?

Send us the names of these articles and we will send you a free trial package of our new Dental Cream.
(Only one free package to a person. Offer in this periodical expires July 14th, 1908.)

The Colgate Clock, which overlooks the Hudson River from the top of the Colgate factory in Jersey City, is not only the largest clock in the world, but it is more than twice as large as the next largest. Note this comparison:

Colgate Clock,	*diameter 38 feet, area 1134 square feet*
Philadelphia City Hall Clock,	*diameter 25 feet, area 490 square feet*
Westminster Clock, London,	*diameter 22½ feet, area 398 square feet*

Some idea of the enormous size of the Colgate Clock may be gained by the fact that twenty men placed shoulder to shoulder could stand across its face. The clock weighs approximately six tons. The minute hand is 20 feet long and travels at its point 23 inches every minute, or over half a mile each day.


Outer circle represents the circumference of Colgate Clock
More than twice as large as next largest
Inner circle represents the circumference of next largest clock

COLGATE & CO., Dept. P, 55 John Street, New York

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